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Sir Samuel Hoare by KAPP

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

EVENTS rushed to a climax on Wednesday. Sir Samuel Hoare resigned as the result of the most remarkable demonstration of public opinion seen for many years. In France M. Herriot's resignation from the leadership of the Radical Socialist Party further weakened the position of M. Laval. In Geneva, Mr. Eden and M. Laval almost invited the League to throw over the Anglo-French peace proposals. In Italy the Duce declared that he wanted to "fight to a finish" and would not submit to any settlement that did not ensure the permanent security of Italians in Africa—which seems to mean that he wants outright possession or at least complete military and political control of territory which even the Laval-Hoare proposals only offered him for economic development. As he has at present made little military progress in Abyssinia and is, indeed, at the moment suffering reverses there, it seems doubtful, even apart from League action, whether his regime will last long enough to achieve what he regards as the minimum of success. The peace terms rejected by Abyssinia and, in effect, by the League and the Duce are as dead as the coldest mutton, and the League has again to get down to business and consider how sanctions can be effectively applied. The existing sanctions even without the oil embargo are by no means valueless. Italian business and banking is feeling the strain, though Mussolini has, of course, the mass of public opinion wildly behind him. The first of all sanctions should be the issue of a statement which should be regularly broadcast to the Italian people explaining that any Italian grievances will be fairly considered by the League, but that armed aggression cannot be rewarded.

Sir Samuel Hoare's Exit

Opinion, especially on the Government side, will be mollified by the sacrifice of Sir Samuel Hoare. He very properly prefers resignation to withdrawal or apology. But that he is not alone to blame for these terms is obvious. Mr. Baldwin and probably some of the other members of the Cabinet must have been aware of their substance. Other members of the Government were taken by surprise and seem to have threatened resignation if the Government stood by the proposals. Their attitude was powerfully reinforced by Sir Austen Chamberlain from outside. The proposals were so blatant a departure from the Government's pledges that they shocked almost everyone and, indeed, they brought on Mr. Baldwin's head the final humiliation of rapturous support from the Beaverbrook and Rothermere press. On one hypothesis the terms were intelligible. Given that neither Mr. Baldwin nor Sir Samuel Hoare believed in the League idea except at election times and that their real preoccupation is only the safeguarding of British interests and the balance of power in Europe, they were naturally

desirous of getting clear of the Abyssinian tangle as soon as possible whatever the consequences. They might indeed argue, if they were in a position openly to repudiate the League, that they were making Abyssinia a good offer since imperialist countries have not, as a rule, allowed a backward area to retain even half its territory in its own possession. But events have shown that a very large part of opinion in the Western world genuinely hates the old imperialism and has taken the Covenant of the League of Nations seriously.

Laval's "Indispensability"

Laval's majority of 52 in Tuesday's Chamber debate on the "peace proposals" was a grave warning to his Government. The Cabinet had more than half the Chamber against it, and if the Right wing Radicals saved it at the last moment it was not because they had "confidence" in it, but because they "funked" it. They preferred to "wait for developments in London and Geneva." Now they know. But the whole Left—Radicals, Socialists and Communists—was blatantly hostile to Laval, the Centre was lukewarm, and only the Right cheered Laval for all it was worth—a curious demonstration of "union nationale." What the Left resented most was Laval's claim that there was only one alternative to his policy; and that was war, into which the Left, according to him, were dragging France. A claim to indispensability is always unpopular in France. The British Government does not want war any more than does the French Left; and Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation should convince the French public—whatever their papers may say to the contrary—that the alternative to these proposals is *not* war. Herriot's resignation from the leadership of the Radical Party, who objected to his further, albeit reluctant, association with Laval, is another blow to Laval. If nothing unexpected happens in the meantime the "Laval regime"—that shameful phase in France's foreign policy—should come to an end on Friday.

The Situation in Egypt

There was a *coup de théâtre* in Cairo last week, when the King suddenly signed a decree restoring the 1923 Constitution, and Nessim Pasha did not resign as he had intended to do. Mr. Eden said in the House of Commons on Monday that the British Government did not think that the 1923 Constitution was in the best interests of the Egyptian people. But whether that view is right or wrong, it is presumably not the view of the Egyptian people themselves, and the British Government have had the sense not to resist the demand of the United Front. There must now be a general election in Egypt, and there has been talk of a stop-gap coalition Government, since Nessim Pasha is distrusted in many political quarters. Presumably the United Front will not be permanent; the Wafd will be in a majority in the new Parliament, and the other parties will go into opposition. But we suppose that there will be a pretty general unity on the Egyptian side when it comes to the negotiation of the treaty for settling the "reserved questions." When will that be? This is obviously not a happy moment for embarking on what may be again, as it has been in the past, a very difficult business. But the settlement cannot be indefinitely postponed. And in the meantime the Egyptians will want the most explicit assurances that Great Britain means honestly by them—though they, like everybody else, may doubt whether they can trust any assurances from Mr. Baldwin's Government.

The Elastic Navy Plan

The Naval Conference stumbles on. There is so far no general agreement on any single point of importance. The Japanese demand for a navy as big as the biggest—a "common upper limit" as it is officially called—has been temporarily shelved. The other Powers object to it as being incompatible with the principle of "equality of security." The Japanese, however, have argued that it could be adjusted (either quantitatively or qualitatively), so as to compensate for the different degrees of vulnerability of different States. This, in plain English, appears to mean that some juggling with "categories" would somehow make the Japanese navy look a little smaller to Great Britain and America and big enough to satisfy Japan. Optimists have suggested that such a scheme might form a promising basis for negotiation. Meanwhile, the Conference has switched over to a discussion of the British plan. This turns its back on both the ratio system and the "common upper limit," and proposes that each of the five Powers shall declare its tonnage requirements for the next six years. That, it is urged, would have the great advantage of "elasticity"; each Power would be free, on giving notice, to revise its total upwards or downwards, according as circumstances dictate. It sounds well, but—what are the prospects of anyone revising downwards?

The Miners are Still Waiting

The miners' leaders came away dissatisfied from their meeting on Tuesday with the colliery owners. It had been rumoured in advance that the owners were prepared to make a wage-offer for every district, though not on a uniform basis. But this turned out to be a very nebulous offer indeed; all the owners would say was that, if the miners would go away and reopen negotiations in each district separately, the owners would be prepared to make local offers involving everywhere *some* advance in the New Year. Nothing was promised as to the amount, and the owners professed their disappointment at the lack of response to their requests to municipalities and big consumers in the public utility services voluntarily to accept higher prices despite existing contracts. Naturally, the miners were not well pleased with this barren "offer"; and finally the owners had to promise to come back to a further conference with more precise proposals. But on Wednesday night the situation took a far more serious turn: the Government repeated in very definite terms in the House of Commons its refusal either to grant any subsidy in aid of wages or to accept the alternative suggestion that a loan should be made in advance of the expected increased rates which are to accrue after the proposed new selling agencies have been brought into existence. An impasse was reached and on Thursday the Miners' Conference met in London to consider the situation and recommended that strike notices should be handed out on January 13th or 14th. The Government have issued a "grave" warning to the miners; Mr. Joseph Jones, the President of the Miners' Federation, replied with an equally grave statement putting the responsibility on to the Government.

Rabbits in the Hat

Parliament had before it this week yet another Bill extending the temporary provisions under the unemployment assistance scheme. The new Bill prolongs the transitional arrangements made early this year until the end of March, and there is even a hint that they may possibly have to be prolonged again. In fact, the Government are not finding it at all an easy matter to work out new Means Test regulations in place of those which had to be so precipitately withdrawn; and for the present the "best of both worlds" regulations remain in force. This means that the uninsured workers who were to have been transferred to unemployment assistance still remain under the local public assistance committees, and that the Treasury has to go on compensating the local authorities for the financial burdens resting upon them. Clearly, the sooner this anomalous situation is cleared up the better. But have the Government yet made up their minds about their policy? Unless the conditions of the Means Test are very greatly relaxed there will be another big storm when the new regulations appear. Also, it is high time we were told what the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee proposes to do about the very big surplus which is being accumulated in the insurance fund. Should benefits be raised, or contributions reduced, or a bit of both? Issues of this magnitude cannot be put off for ever. The general election is over; what are the Government waiting for now?

Death Rates in Depressed Areas

The *British Medical Journal* has fallen foul of us for some observations we made, in our issue of November 23rd, on the high death rates in the depressed areas. The criticisms of our contemporary do not disprove our main point, that mortality rates are much higher in depressed than in non-depressed areas, even than in non-depressed industrial areas. Taking 100 as the figure for mortality of England and Wales as a whole, we get the following comparisons (for the year 1934)—(*a*) *depressed areas:* Durham, 118; Lancashire, 117; Glamorgan, 116; Northumberland, 114. (*b*) *non-depressed areas:* Staffordshire, 104; Warwickshire, 101; Notts, 100; Greater London, 97; Derbyshire, 96; Leicestershire, 91. The *British Medical Journal* also argues that "taking them as a whole, the worst places have improved most." This is not so. Mortality rates in the depressed areas have only fallen *pari passu* with those of the rest of the country. (England and Wales, 1931 = 100; 1934 = 92. Depressed areas, 1931 = 100; 1934 = 92.) There is no ground for complacency there; the depressed areas have a bigger leeway to make up, and the task ought to be easier, if it were properly taken in hand. But the tone of the *B.M.J.'s* article—with its patronising assurance that the medical profession and the Registrar General know all about the facts and figures we were analysing—suggests that there is nothing much to be done but to let ill alone.

The Children's Health

The Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of Health of the Board of Education for 1934 (*The Health of the School Child*, Stationery Office, 2*s.* 6*d.*) contains much that is reassuring. Between 1931 and 1935 the number of children receiving free meals doubled, and the number receiving free milk increased five times. As a result of the introduction of the new milk scheme on October 1st, 1934, the number receiving milk on payment in school leaped at one bound from 900,000 to 2,650,000. In London the percentage of children found at the routine examination to be suffering from subnormal malnutrition was 4.1—the lowest figure ever recorded. An inquiry in Leeds revealed that twelve-year-old girls now average nearly 6 lb. and twelve-year-old boys nearly 4 lb. more than in 1923. But there is a darker side to the picture. Of the 1,794,953 children submitted to routine inspection throughout the country during the year 12 per thousand were found to be malnourished as compared with 11.1 in 1933 and 10.7 in 1932. Another bad blot is the absence of any comprehensive organisations for the care of children between the ages of two and five and fourteen and sixteen. In many cases between the ages of two and five no arrangement is made for free milk and public medical services are inadequate. The total number of nursery schools is only 72 and between 1931 and 1934 the establishment of new schools was held up owing to "financial stringency." The position of adolescents leaving school is particularly critical owing to their exclusion from the National Health Insurance Scheme. Inquiries in the special areas in the junior instruction centres have shown that nearly one-third of those examined were of subnormal nutrition. The variations in the standards in different areas reveal that even the general application of knowledge gained would have incalculable effects in improving the nation's health.

A Banned Book

The Sexual Impulse, by Edward Charles, will now join *Ulysses*, *The Well of Loneliness*, and the other banned books which are circulated privately, widely discussed, but not allowed to be sold in this country. In dismissing the appeal of Boriswood, Ltd., against a conviction for obscene publication in respect of this book on Wednesday, Sir Percival Clarke, the Chairman of the London Quarter Sessions, said that it was unnecessary to state in public the reasons which had led the Court to their decision. An imposing array of witnesses had testified to the scientific and educational value of the book, including Dr. Maude Royden, Prof. Malinowsky, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, Prof. Flugel, Lady Winstedt, Prof. Julian Huxley, and Mr. Robert Nichols. Many of the witnesses stressed the importance, in regard to the preservation of marriage and the family, of the very passages which were most objected to by the prosecution. They pointed to the high proportion of marriages which were wrecked from ignorance, and urged the necessity of explicit instruction on sex matters. In an imposing speech for the defence, Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., had urged the scientific character of the book and had declared that fifty years hence the prosecution would be classed with heresy trials and witch hunts. This is the first time that a serious work of non-fiction has been proceeded against for obscenity since Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* was condemned as "lewd, wicked, bawdy, scandalous, and obscene" more than thirty years ago. It is surely time that the whole law in relation to obscenity should be reconsidered. At present its operation is haphazard and illogical.

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THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE

NOTHING that Sir Samuel Hoare now says—and we are compelled to write before the House of Commons debate—can alter the essential factors of this situation. It has arisen, not primarily because of M. Laval's duplicity or Sir Samuel's errors, not because of any difficulties in applying sanctions or the dangers of European war, not because of any weakness in the British fleet—should we have heard anything of the obsolescence of the fleet if it had been British territory that was in question? It has arisen because France and Great Britain have jointly pursued a dual policy which could, by its very nature, have no other than a disastrous result. A genuine League policy and an imperialist policy are incompatible. The British public is bewildered and humiliated. It has been disillusioned and is angry with men whom it trusted and who have let it down. But we see no signs that it even yet understands the root causes of its discomfiture.

The situation cannot be understood unless we realise that right up till September the familiar process by which almost the whole of Africa has been carved up, was faithfully repeated in the case of Abyssinia by Italy, France and Great Britain. According to that accepted pattern a Power which wished to extend its economic and political influence in an undeveloped area intimated to the other interested Powers its intention to advance. Their replies varied only to the extent to which the proposed expansion interfered with their strategic or economic interests and with the possibilities of their obtaining satisfactory compensations elsewhere. A period of bargaining followed which, in many cases, went through smoothly. In other cases, where the interests were large or Foreign Ministers particularly ambitious, a crisis was reached, the press of both sides inveighed against the aggressive intentions of the other, troops and battleships were moved and war was freely discussed as a possibility. In the end, however, these disputes were settled peaceably (that is to say, warlike operations were confined to expeditions against the natives) and bargains were struck. This is the short story of the partition of Africa.

In the case of Abyssinia, which escaped so long because of the fighting quality of its people and the impenetrable nature of its country, the usual procedure has been adopted. Great Britain, France and Italy have discussed its partition periodically and the results of those discussions appear in the 1906 and other treaties. Further agreements about division of rights in the Negus's territory were exposed in 1925, when he formally protested against them to the League. Last year Mussolini thought the time ripe to make good his promises of colonial war to the youth of Italy and began his preparations in East Africa. He undoubtedly believed that French and British complacency towards his Abyssinian adventure was a tacit condition of the Stresa front. The Italo-French settlement of 1935 resembled the Franco-British settlement that preceded the Entente. In both cases colonial rivalries were squared to clear the way for co-operation against Germany. In the former case Britain promised to support France in Morocco as a price for a free hand in Egypt, in this case France and Britain were not to oppose Italy's East African expansion, while Italy was to remove her troops from the French frontier and promised to aid Laval in the defence of Central Europe against a German advance. France "disinterested" herself, to use the official phrase, in East Africa. Great Britain's interests there were larger, but, as the negotiations that went on throughout the summer showed, our anxiety was not to save the integrity of Abyssinia, which was, inconveniently enough, a Member of the League and therefore guaranteed by all the League Powers, but to arrange for an Italian expansion which would not too much outrage public opinion, and which would not endanger British interests in Lake Tana or our strategic domination of the Red Sea. The object of British and French diplomacy was to buy Mussolini off with only part of what he desired, and the idea that he would so far break with imperialist tradition as to insist on a war, when he could gain so much with the goodwill of his colonial rivals, only very slowly penetrated to the minds of British diplomats. When it did so, the usual flare-up occurred. According to precedent Great Britain took a strong line and sent battleships to the Mediterranean in the hope of bringing Mussolini to a more reasonable frame of mind. Meanwhile, Abyssinia's appeal to the League could not altogether be neglected, and Sir Samuel Hoare's speech in Geneva on September 11th was a necessary modification of the old procedure to meet the new circumstances. On such occasions in the past a British statesman makes a "strong" speech—an obvious instance was Mr. Lloyd George's speech during the Agadir crisis—and when it is clear that Britain means business, her rivals are more reasonable and a settlement is reached. On this occasion the speech was made in the League Assembly instead of in the City of London. The new features of the situation were that opinions of other League Powers and British opinion as expressed in the Peace Ballot showed a disquieting tendency to take the idealistic side of the League seriously, and some Members of Parliament and the Government itself appeared for a time to share this new outlook.

At this point British diplomacy commanded the admiration of the world. The German press noted the skill with which Europe had been lined up behind Great Britain and a quite new note of respect crept into all references to this country. Britain was no longer considered "decadent," which, in diplomatic terms, means unable or unwilling to look after her own interests by force. It seemed clear that this was no longer true; Palmerston and Joseph Chamberlain were reborn in Sir Samuel Hoare. But no real change was made in policy. Negotiations for an imperialist bargain were continued even while economic pressure was initiated. From the French and British points of view the only question was at what point Mussolini would agree to accept terms which would satisfy Great Britain and which could be pushed through the League. M. Laval pursued exactly the course that he might have been expected to pursue if the League had not existed. That is to say, he sought to bring the dispute to the speediest conclusion by negotiating between the colonial rivals whose ultimate friendship was essential to him if he was to preserve the balance of power in Europe. French and British imperialism, however, were seriously hampered by the League. Other Powers who would have been negligible under old conditions now had a say in the matter. They were reluctantly persuaded to permit France and Great Britain to continue direct negotiations with the Duce—negotiations which were carried out

secretly by officials and Ministers steeped in the traditions of the old diplomacy. But they desired seriously to impose the sanctions which Great Britain only wished to push to the point of inducing Mussolini to accept rather less than he was asking. The oil embargo would have been a serious matter for Mussolini, whom France and Great Britain were determined not to overthrow. It was only with difficulty that they managed to postpone it from week to week. They became increasingly anxious for a settlement and finally proffered terms to the Duce which they thought that even he must accept. Their actual effect, however, seems once again to have been to make him more intransigent. One of the governing factors of the situation is that the Duce has so far made very little progress in Africa and wanted a great victory. With an ordinary aggressor we might have calculated that the less his success, the more pleased he would be with advantageous terms. But we are dealing with an irrational force. Fascism demands blood.

The Laval-Hoare "peace proposals" are already dead, and it is doubtful how far the League can pull itself together again after the crushing blow that has been dealt it by two of its leading members. If it does continue to impose sanctions and the Abyssinians continue to hold him in check, Mussolini may in time be brought to heel. If the treachery of France and Britain, which throws a difficult responsibility on Russia and the smaller Powers, leads to a general defection, sanctions will peter out and the League, as it has been conceived by the best efforts of enlightened men during the last fifteen years, will end in ignominy. In that case orthodox British Conservatism which has always hated the loss of sovereignty implied in honest acceptance of the Covenant, will get its way. An attempt will be made perhaps, to "reform" the League and to buy the goodwill of Germany by dropping the sanctions clauses of the Covenant and creating a pact of great Powers, designed to secure the West from German invasion on the tacit understanding that Hitler may proceed without interference from them in the east and south-east of Europe. On the results of this policy we will not here speculate beyond pointing out that a war with Russia to-day involves a war not only against the awakening proletariat of every country, but also against the millions of other thinking persons everywhere who would not stand idly by while an effort was made to destroy the one country in the world which has founded a new social order aiming at social equality, and which is actually beginning to succeed in using plenty to increase happiness instead of poverty. The one comfort which we may draw from the alarms and bewilderment of the last fortnight is that there is, in this country and in France, an alert and informed public opinion which has understood, to a far greater extent than its rulers have grasped, the realities of the international situation and the issues involved in the sabotage of the League of Nations.

Next Week's "New Statesman and Nation"

Next week's issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, dated December 28th, will be on sale on Friday as usual. Amongst other contributions there will be Kapp's portrait of Lord Cecil with an accompanying character sketch, a study of Tolstoy by V. S. Pritchett, and an article by Dr. Harry Roberts on "Can Health be Bought?"

THIS ITALY

I HAVE just come back from Italy. Till recently I lived and worked there for some years. Those were, on the whole, quiet years of consolidation. They saw the building up of that giant edifice, the Corporate State, expensive and still to-day lacking one-tenth of the vitality of an ordinary Trade Union meeting in a small English town. In those years vast public works were undertaken (the new Admiralty in Rome is about three times the size of ours in Whitehall), schools, roads, power stations and finally whole new towns sprung up like mushrooms. Then came the Lateran Treaty, another colossal arrangement that settled a dispute with one hand and sowed the seed of future conflict between Church and State with the other.

Who pays for all this? Italy is not a rich country. The dictatorship has really been immensely expensive. In 1930 there were 10 milliards of gold lire in the Bank of Italy reserves. In August this year there were 5 milliards. To-day the figure is estimated at 3 milliards, and Italian bankers and business men expect it to be reduced to 1 milliard in the New Year. A decree in October announced that figures of the gold reserve and of State revenue and expenditure would be withheld in the future. The result is a steady flight from the lira. Censorship was always a two-edged sword. By withholding the figures the Government may have comforted some people on the principle that ignorance is bliss; but anyone with spare cash or convertible stocks in Italy to-day, starting with Fascist ministers themselves, is buying land, houses and jewellery rather than keep this money which may be valueless to-morrow.

First impression then—an orgy of spending and a catastrophic economic atmosphere. Food prices are kept forcibly down. Eight shops were closed for periods of from two to six weeks while I was in Rome, for selling at a few pence above the Government price list. Land is already scarce in places where it is profitable to own it.

I travelled in on the day sanctions started. Mussolini had ordered every flag out and illuminations. The dictator wanted to face the sentence with flags flying and bands playing defiance to the world. Since then every newspaper in Italy bears the legend on its front page "—th Day of the Siege of Italy." In the days that followed that spirit caught on. I found Italy patriotic to fever heat. Indignation spread and was directed, officially directed, not against the League but against Great Britain.

This theory, in a nutshell, is (*a*) that Italy has rightful claims in Abyssinia; (*b*) that Great Britain has always resented and feared these claims (Bertrand Russell is quoted as having said: "Of course Great Britain fears Italian expansion in Abyssinia. Italy could arm and train a million of Africa's best fighters if she got control there, and then menace the Sudan and Kenya." Where and when Bertrand Russell said this, I was unable to ascertain); (*c*) that when M. Laval came to Rome last January, England saw visions of a Franco-Italian agreement about Abyssinia and promptly put the whole League machinery in motion to prevent Italian expansion there. Mussolini's own version of the Laval talks is that France would tolerate economic and, if necessary, armed penetration. M. Laval's own version is, "I never said 'with armed forces'—only economic advance." One is led to believe that Mussolini is speaking the truth. A cartoon in a French review last month showed M. Laval with a handkerchief in his hand. In front of him was a map of Europe and in the handkerchief was a knot. He was saying: "A qui, comment et quand ai-je promis quelque chose?" We and he may forever ask that question, for the answer is a muddle.

Another muddle, and one that deserves publicity, is the impression Mussolini appears to have received from a prominent British newspaper owner this summer in an interview, that Italy should not take Mr. Eden's forthcoming visit too seriously;

better terms would follow. If this is true, never was greater disservice done to the cause of peace.

But there it is; the theory that sanctions are a British Plot is believed by everyone, and, with it as a foundation, you find a whole superstructure of hatred, malice and war talk about England. Perhaps one Italian in a hundred to-day questions the general belief that the British Secret Service brought down the 'plane that crashed over Cairo with Signori Franchetti and Rava on board. The fire that broke out in the Italian troopship *Ausonia* at Alexandria is also attributed to the British Secret Service.

Will the present proposals serve to allay these impressions? It really seems that this is their primary intention. They are perhaps the price of a deal of diplomatic blundering on the British side, of French shilly-shallying, of unasked-for German advice, and of Italian incompetence benefiting from the blundering and the shilly-shallying. The anti-British feeling in Italy has grown to rather formidable proportions. The daily half-hour on sanctions in all Italian schools caused an ugly incident on November 18th in a Rome council school. The boys and girls here are taught English by an English priest. On that day they greeted his entry with a volley of penknives and pens. He rushed out without injury. The girl from this school who told me about it said that the head-master was too afraid of losing his job to reprimand the children. The class was simply discontinued, as English classes have been discontinued in most Italian schools.

Hundreds of English residents have, of course, left Florence and Rome. Those who remain are either diplomats, journalists, bank clerks, chemists, or business men waiting for the end of sanctions, or a few passionately prejudiced people who have brought gifts of gold and metals to the local Fascist Secretary, to help Italy in her hour of need.

Every day there are minor incidents—insults in shops to English people, attacks in the provinces on a stray British car, rudeness in hotels. There are no tourists. A few Catholic pilgrims cross the frontier, that is all.

The atmosphere is stiflingly patriotic. On the way to Naples I met troop trains going south for embarkation (the sick and wounded do not come home, they go to Rhodes). These trains were swathed in laurel and palm leaves and covered with chalk inscriptions. On the first carriage was written: "We'll make England a colony yet." On the others: "A Addis Ababa!" As our train drew alongside theirs, all the dark curly-heads shot out of the windows yelling: "A chi l'Abyssinia?" and our train shouted back "A Noi!" A year ago I was in Italy; hardly anyone spoke of Abyssinia then. The talk was mainly bitter about unemployment, prices and taxes. Who will ever know how far the Duce sought refuge in this war to cover up the bad internal situation? But that was yesterday. To-day hopes run high in Italy. Unreal visions of empire fill the press, the wireless and the people. Perhaps the most serious hope of which some account must be taken outside Italy is that this war is a war of "armed colonists." Mussolini sent the first contingents off with that mission. 100,000 of the 250,000 men in East Africa are married. Their wives and children are actually awaiting the day on which they can sail from Italy and settle out there with a cow, chickens, a piece of land and plenty of work on coffee and cotton plantations. Italy's population has been increasing by a half a million yearly (not because of all the money wasted on the bigger families campaign, but simply because the U.S.A. and the rest of the world are closed to Italian immigration). Italians like to emigrate to prosperous places like New York and London. To-day they have keyed up their courage to emigrate to a new land. This represents a change of outlook. All our moral indignation about this being simply a war of aggression against a fellow member of the League of Nations is Greek to the average Latin to-day. Five per cent. of the population understand it. The rest do not.

Many a League enthusiast here and in Geneva is tempted to reply: "Then we will *make* you understand it." It is worth being as clear as possible about this. Mussolini's position in Italy to-day is extremely strong, for a hundred reasons that would take too long to go into now. I think in all his twelve years' reign he has never been so popular. Italy's financial and economic situation is very weak indeed. Those leaders of finance and industry whom I met viewed it as catastrophic. But Italy is not an industrial country. Only three million people work in industry compared with nine million in agriculture, so that the food question is more vital than the industrial one. And the food supply is assured. The grave financial situation shows itself in unpleasant but not in fatal ways. Coal is now £6 a ton and there is to be no heating in schools south of Florence this winter. Rome goes half dark at 10.30 every night. A place like Siena has practically no street lighting since sanctions came in. With petrol at 5*s.* 6*d.* a gallon the day's traffic has been reduced by 70 per cent. The streets are safe again but empty.

With a strong (and at times unbalanced) leader, a shaky economic situation, a wildly patriotic populace, the terms that are offered to Italy must be definite, and once offered must be stood by to the end. An offer there must be, and any attempt to offer stretches of the Danakil and Ogaden deserts to a people panting for green land to settle in will probably make Mussolini into a god when he turns such an offer down. The indictment of the League in Italy is that it may prevent war, but it cannot offer any substitute for war.

The fact remains that all over Italy now there is catastrophic-opportunist-desperate talk of an Anglo-Italian war. Such a course would be fatal to Italy (though few Italians think so) and beastly for the rest of the world. If Mussolini is driven too far he can carry his populace with him, since infatuation is the order of the day in Italy.

What will happen a year hence? Not one Italian seems to agree with another about that, but they all seem to agree that short of a crushing defeat in Abyssinia, a European war or assassination, the Duce will stay on. Some forecast a broader cabinet including a few of the harassed bankers, industrialists and generals; some a big move to the Left with drastic nationalisation and expropriation. The first necessity, when all this is over, will be a foreign loan or several foreign loans. Those in Italy who have kept a cool head are watching it all with great misgiving for the welfare of their country. These people are suffering to-day. They are hated by the Fascists and sometimes feared, for they are the only link that is left now between Europe and Italy. Foreign newspapers are prohibited, and hardly anyone has any idea what the rest of the world thinks about Italy.

SYLVIA SAUNDERS

MASARYK'S RESIGNATION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA]

IT has been said that the problems of pre-war Austria-Hungary are reproduced in post-war Czechoslovakia. This is true in the sense that the triangular conflict between Germans, Slavs and Magyars continues within the frontiers of Czechoslovakia with powerful repercussions beyond them. In the old days Germans and Magyars were on top, interpreting their ascendancy in social, no less than in national, terms. Now the Czechs are on top, and their Republic represents not only a Slavonic triumph, but also a smallholders' victory over the old Austro-Hungarian aristocracy. The fierce hatreds of Central Europe become more intelligible when it is realised that social animosities underline racial enmities.

We are accustomed to think of Czechoslovakia as the country of Masaryk and Beneš, and at a moment when Masaryk has resigned and Beneš is likely to be elected President of the Republic in his place, this designation seems to be emphasised afresh. But the more one examines administrative facts, the more one discovers that Czechoslovakia is ruled far more by the Agrarian party than by the more radical and

urban party (the Czech National Socialists) with which Masaryk sympathises and to which Beneš belongs.

The Agrarian party represents the peasant-owners, among whom the big pre-war estates were divided by the Agrarian Reform Law. The Agrarians are numerically the largest party in the country (actually Henlein's German party is practically as big), but, what is far more significant, their leaders are nearly always at the head of the key ministries, while the civil and diplomatic services are predominantly Agrarian in complexion. To-day, for instance, Agrarian Ministers are responsible for the Interior and for Defence, as well as for Agriculture, while the Prime Minister, Dr. Hodža, is also an Agrarian.

The Agrarians have no very suitable candidate for the Presidency, but they have been holding up the whole business until they could negotiate a Cabinet reshuffle which would ensure that their hold on the country would become at any rate no weaker. If Beneš becomes President the Agrarians would like to capture the Foreign Office by nominating his successor there, while the parties more to the Left are anxious to prevent this. The negotiations have dragged on from day to day.

Though Czechoslovakia is in many ways modelled on France, Czech government is a stable affair carried on by a wide coalition of parties. But recently everything has tended to strengthen the Agrarians' position. The Czech alliance with Russia was essentially Beneš' work, but, though the Agrarians disapproved of it, the result was an out-and-out advantage to them. The Communist party is fairly strong in this country; there are 45 Agrarians in the Chamber, 38 Social Democrats and 28 Beneš National Socialists, while the Communists number 30. They are outside the Government coalition, but as an opposition they have now been emasculated by orders from Moscow to behave like good boys. With a view to parliamentary strategy, the Agrarians indirectly facilitated the German nationalist campaign led by Henlein before the elections last May. They did not expect to see 44 *Sudetendeutschen* returned to the Chamber, but the additional group on the Right, if a little too large, is convenient for the Agrarians in manoeuvring against the Left.

The Social Democrats and Beneš National Socialists, holding on the whole inferior Cabinet positions, are aware, though perhaps not sufficiently aware, of the weakness of their position. They hope that Beneš as President will pull his weight, but he may even be squeezed out of active participation in politics unless he can keep control of foreign policy through one of his own friends as the new Foreign Minister. The Socialists and National Socialists (never to be confused with German Nazis) are hoping to gain strength by working more closely together in future, and negotiations are now going on for the amalgamation of Social Democrat and National Socialist Trade Unions.

Apart from the protection of agricultural interests, it is difficult to say what the Agrarians stand for, beyond the programme common to all political parties, viz., to attain and retain power. While Czechoslovakia is about fifty-fifty agrarian and industrial, the influence of the Agrarian party has certainly caused industrial to be sacrificed to agrarian interests; tariffs, for instance, have been kept high, and a corn monopoly has kept up internal prices. The Socialists are pressing for an easier money policy, lower interest rates, and more public works to relieve industrial unemployment. As for political forms, it would be absurd to regard the Agrarians as reactionary or Fascist at present, for they are still conservative democrats. Indeed, the country they dominate provides an example, unique in this part of Europe, of democratic voting and of freedom of opinion, and its fascist groups, though supported by the powerful Živnosterska Bank, are still clearly unimportant.

But Czechoslovak democracy is based upon the French conception of *droit administratif*, and its bureaucracy might one day change their actuating principles. The Agrarian party may be defined as powerful opportunists, upon whose future decisions the fate of Central Europe largely depends. While industrialists are not a compact political force in Czechoslovakia, the brewers and sugar people have close Agrarian connections, and munition manufacturers depend upon an Agrarian War Minister's favour. If the Agrarians chose to be authoritarian at home or pro-German abroad, it is difficult to see who could offer effectual resistance.

The Agrarian Prime Minister, Dr. Hodža, is an interesting character. In 1915 he was a Slovak deputy elected to the Hungarian Parliament, and he tends to think in a south-easterly direction. He appears to be succeeding in his attempt to reconcile the Slovak autonomists, for they, as it seems, are also to be included in the new Cabinet which is to follow the resignation of Masaryk. Dr. Hodža is anxious to arrive at a real Danubian Agreement. It is difficult to see how he could reconcile Hungary without frontier concessions which Czech public opinion would on no account tolerate. But the waning influence of Italy gives the Czechs more scope, and it is interesting to hear that the Austrian Chancellor is to visit Prague for the first time this week.

The greatest problem for Czechoslovakia, as for the whole of Europe, is Germany. The western half of the Republic is surrounded by Germany, the eastern half, except for a short stretch of Roumanian frontier, by Poland and Hungary, whom the Czechs—not without reason—regard as Germany's vassal States. Ever since the German-Polish Agreement of January, 1934, the Polish minority in Czechoslovakia (at most 80,000 people) has been incited from without, and Warsaw refuses all Czech offers to settle the consequent dispute by arbitration. Hungary is obviously eager to be in the German-Polish bloc.

If Austria goes Nazi, the ring round Czechoslovakia is practically closed. But the danger is far more acute than this. Within the frontiers of Czechoslovakia, fringing the German frontiers, live three and a quarter million Germans, legally Czechoslovak citizens and forming about 22 per cent. of the whole population—as compared with a 5 per cent. Magyar minority, by the way. This is not the moment to examine the problem of the *Sudetendeutschen* in detail, but in considering the position of Czechoslovakia it is essential to realise that, whatever their political leaders declare, the majority of these Germans would prefer to be citizens of the Reich. Berlin knows that and Prague knows it, and it is this circumstance which is the hinge, as it were, of the future of Central Europe.

For German policy is being skilfully pursued. The Germans in Czechoslovakia are taught to protest, as good bourgeois citizens of the Republic, against the Russian treaty which Beneš has made, and which, it is of course alleged, is a potential gateway by which the wicked Bolsheviks will enter the citadel of European civilisation in order to destroy it. The desirable alternative, say the *Sudetendeutschen*, is a Czech foreign policy in collaboration with Germany against Russia. The Czech Agrarians are not wholly indifferent to the Bolshevik bogy, and in certain circumstances they might prefer a German alliance. Should they do so, Germany would have won the battle for *Mittel-Europa*. Those who support the Beneš policy of resisting Germany's threat to Slav independence rely upon the active support of Russia, France, and perhaps Great Britain. Before the Paris Agreement stabbed the League in the back, they enthusiastically welcomed this year's signs of vitality at Geneva, and deduced that at least as much would be done for Czechoslovakia as for Abyssinia. If the German plan for disinteresting the Western Powers in Eastern Europe should succeed, the Czech Left knows it would have short shrift.

Thomas Masaryk has earned universal respect; this is an exact statement, not an official compliment. It would be saddening if his successors were compelled to accept the tutelage of a Germany which, while far more intolerant than old Habsburg Austria, denies nearly all the political principles honoured by Masaryk.

December 17th. E. W.

A LONDON DIARY

THE development of the crisis this week has been like a book in which the plot grows more and more complex and shocking with every page you turn. First the peace terms were not true and then they were; then they were Sir Samuel Hoare's fault and then it was clear that in all essentials at least Mr. Baldwin and other members of the Cabinet had known about them. (I gather that some members of the Ministry had been ignorant and were genuinely shocked.) Then we were told that Mr. Eden would resign and that he had visited Buckingham Palace and decided to stay. Next the Government had never really intended the terms to go through; they were the best they could get from Laval and they were relying on the League to turn them down. Then came the damning revelation that the Foreign Office had telegraphed on Tuesday to Sir Sidney Barton to put the "utmost pressure" on the Emperor to accept them. That "get-away" was effectively blocked. The *Times*, which had been taking an unexpectedly strong line, then discovered the amazing fact that no genuine exchange of territory was suggested and that Abyssinia's corridor to the sea was only a "camels' corridor." The *Times*, recalling its ancient days, has never thundered to better purpose, and the "camel" leader, which will certainly be historic, completed the disgust and bewilderment of thousands of the Government's supporters. A League of Nations Union deputation which included Lord Cecil and Sir Austen Chamberlain saw Mr. Baldwin and returned uncomforted. The Left which denounced the betrayal of the League was in momentary alliance with the Right which denounced the betrayal of the British Empire. Letters and telegrams poured in to Members of Parliament and newspapers, from staunch Conservative colonels and business men. "I never thought to live to see the day," said one irate Conservative politician, "when British proposals would be turned down by Poles."

* * *

Two personalities would have made a great difference to Thursday's debate. Mr. Lloyd George, on holiday in North Africa, would have been terrific, but his onslaught would almost certainly have been most effective in rallying Conservatives behind the Prime Minister. Mr. Winston Churchill is reported to have been telephoning from the Mediterranean about the destruction of the British Empire. Now a fervent supporter of collective security through the League, he would have done much to increase the split in the Government's ranks.

* * *

I am told that the delegates at Geneva have now reached a satisfactory explanation of British policy. The story is going round that Sir Samuel Hoare made a slip of the tongue in telling the Assembly on September 11th that Britain's policy was "steady and collective resistance to any unprovoked act of aggression." He obviously meant to say "assistance."

* * *

In this country we have not learnt the modern Russian and German technique of pageantry, but we have retained the traditional type. The trial of Lord de Clifford by his peers is a fitting climax to Jubilee year. No efforts, and, incidentally, since the public pays, no expense, were spared to make the ceremony a success. The Royal Gallery was fitted with a throne, a chair for the Lord High Steward, a Woolsack and chairs for the attendant peers. Microphones and amplifiers were introduced to overcome the acoustic difficulties and prove that even the most venerable institutions can keep pace with scientific invention. The actors were less dignified than their setting. The first duty was the election of Lord Hailsham as Lord High Steward, an office of such dangerous power that it may only be occupied for a few hours. The Serjeant at Arms called for silence "on pain of imprisonment"—an awful moment—and Lord de Clifford was summoned to the bar. It was then found that he was already there. He was acquitted, and the ceremony fittingly closed with the snapping of the white staff, provided by Black Rod, over Lord Hailsham's knee. (Rehearsal had ensured that this feat would be easily accomplished.) This is likely to be the last "trial by peers," and no doubt some people will regret the passing of another ancient custom. But, conservative as I am, I cannot share their regret. Since Earl Ferrers was hanged in 1760 the total sentences passed by the House of Lords amount only to three months—a fact which no doubt testifies rather to the high standard of morals than to the low standard of justice amongst our aristocracy. When one thinks of the weeks of historical research which the officials of the House of Lords must have spent in order that no subtlety of constitutional procedure should be overlooked, it seems churlish to point out that there may be better ways of spending £700 of public money.

* * *

I spent last Friday morning in the Glasgow slums. The essentials of a slum are the same everywhere—overcrowding, darkness, damp, lack of air (unless the windows are broken), vermin, stink, improper sanitation and no hope of privacy for anyone in birth, love, sickness or death. The Glasgow slums, though no worse than some others, have certain peculiarities. Whereas the unchecked development of industrialism in London and Manchester lead to the housing of the proletariat in innumerable rows of hideous cottages, in Glasgow the prevalent type of working-class dwelling is the tenement. Since it is almost impossible in London to find sites for rehousing workers which are not too far from their place of work, there is no alternative but to set up large blocks of flats in the place of the demolished slum cottages. In Glasgow the same difficulty is now arising, but there is a natural reaction in favour of using up any possible open space for the building of small houses instead of tenements. I found that even the keenest reformers were somewhat sensitive to the account of Glasgow life contained in *No Mean City*, which is a sensational, repetitive and badly written account of slum life in Glasgow only a few years ago. But, exaggerated though the picture is, *No Mean City* is right on some points. It is true that people who have been brought up in these conditions search for any means of escape and that among young men the gangster idea, fostered by the American cinema, offers one road of escape. The Police Court records show that razor fighting is not uncommon, though on a much smaller scale than the description in this book. Secondly, the physical descriptions of Glasgow slums are accurate and vivid. The recess bed is a peculiar feature of Glasgow—with or without the door that turns it into a coffin. No better device for breeding bugs has yet been thought of. Sixty per cent. of the inhabitants of Glasgow still live in tenements in one or two rooms, without bathrooms and with only the use of a lavatory which may be shared by about thirty people. Glasgow, of course, has an enlightened Council, and has built large new housing areas and altogether put up 40,000 new houses since 1919. Architecturally, most of the new houses I saw were not too bad, and a real effort is made on scientific lines to provide a constant supervision of rehousing areas to prevent the recrudescence of vermin. Getting rid of wooden wainscoating and picture rails and seeing that houses are kept clean is not enough; people still bring in bugs in picture frames or second-hand furniture, and only the most careful and scientific inspection is any guarantee against reinfestation. Forty thousand houses sounds a lot, but it does no more than skim a little scum off the top of the filth. I shall not easily forget one evil-smelling courtyard I saw, from which I climbed to a house up a long stone stairway which was so black that I could not even see the children whom I could hear playing on the stairs.

* * *

I see that a young artist has just got into hot water with the local press for painting in a Northamptonshire church a panel representing St. Philip wearing trousers. He has made the obvious answer that the test of a work of art is its success as a work of art and that anyway the Old Masters habitually

put the saints into contemporary clothes—though there is the difference that Fra Angelico and van Eyck were unconscious of the anachronism which in the modern work is deliberate. It is however lucky for the parishioners that St. Philip has got trousers. A Renaissance artist might have left them out Michelangelo made a sculpture of the Second Person of the Trinity without so much as a fig leaf. In English we have no equivalent for the French word *bondieuserie*, which connotes the monstrously feeble religious objects of piety produced commercially. Anything is better than such "goodgodderies" and as far as I can judge from a photograph, this St. Philip, in spite of his trousers, is quite a pleasant piece of work. A more important problem is raised by the decoration of Westminster Cathedral. The Archbishop, in response to an appeal by eminent authorities, has most wisely suspended work on the mosaic decorations which threatened to convert the noblest of modern ecclesiastical interiors into a monument of vulgarity. I should find it difficult to suggest the name of a painter fit to decorate a church. But there does happen to be a mosaicist who is both a great artist and a man with religious sensibility. His work is to be seen not only on the floor of the National Gallery, but on the walls of the Orthodox Church in London. The Catholic cathedral at Liverpool is to be built by a Protestant. I wonder if there is any hope of the decoration of Westminster being entrusted to an Eastern Schismatic?

* * *

I see that the B.B.C. is not allowing Mr. Lansbury to broadcast his pacifist message. Whatever the reasons in this particular case, I am sure that with the present debacle in foreign policy and the increased realisation of the prospect of a war in the air against which there is no defence, the out-and-out pacifist movement, led by Dick Sheppard and Mr. Lansbury, will grow rapidly. This movement is potentially very strong in this country. It is divided by the League. Only if the League is disastrously discredited, will all the groups who put peace first find unity in "war resistance."

* * *

I hope it is not true that Senator Norris proposes to retire from Congress at the end of his present term. As no living American, he represents the conscience of the American people. On Teapot Dome, on the public utilities, on unemployment insurance, he has fought for the whole post-war period with a courage and a pertinacity unexampled in the annals of the Senate. It is, indeed, difficult to think of anyone who could replace him or perform his work in just his way. He is to this generation of Americans what John Bright was to Great Britain in the finest phase of his career.

* * *

For some months now friends returning from Germany have reported a decline in the number of "Heil Hitler's" and in Bavaria there is a general return to "Grüss Gott." In Berlin a few weeks ago the residents in one street woke up to find it placarded with a printed notice which said: "Cheer up, friends! We'll soon be saying 'good-morning' to each other again." Another recent proof that opposition is not dead beneath the surface was a revised inscription, deeply chiselled into the pedestal on which stands a large equestrian statue of Kaiser Wilhelm I. The inscription asked Wilhelm to come down and make room for Adolph to whom everyone would like to see a memorial as soon as possible! CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. J. M. Burnett.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

After Police-constable W. Hughes, of London Metropolitan Police, was knocked out in the first round of his fight with Constable T. J. Carlisle, R.U.C., the last bout at the inter-police boxing tournament in Belfast last night, the band struck up the National Anthem.

Seconds had failed to revive him, but when Hughes heard the anthem he sprang to his feet and stood to attention groggily until it was finished.—*News Chronicle.*

Some hostesses, to complete the effect, place Chinese figures on the table and have the menu printed in pidgin English—*Daily Telegraph.*

An expert in dreams declares that it is a warning against treachery to dream of bad eggs and that it is unlucky to dream of handcuffs. —*Richmond Herald.*

Said Colonel the Hon. George Herbert, of the 4th Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, at a Territorial dinner at Wilton: "I am told on good authority, and I am sorry to hear it, that at the present time young girls don't set the same store by a soldier as they used to. All I can say is, I am very sorry for them. In the good old days every girl loved a soldier or a sailor, and a damn good thing, too." And he added: "I do hope young men of Wilton will teach young ladies a lesson, and that no young man will walk out with any girl unless she agrees first that he should join the Territorials."—*Evening News.*

Two fashion highlights. . . .

Fair, good-looking Duke of Sutherland always wears a long flannel nightgown in bed. It has smartly tailored cuffs like an ordinary shirt, and his black velvet bedroom slippers are decorated with two entwined "S.'s." Yes, fashions are no longer confined to day clothes. Nightwear is chosen these days with just as much care.

I know one bright young man in Mayfair whose greatest delight is to sleep in one of his wife's lace nightgowns. It's that comfortable. —*Daily Mirror.*

Politics are all very well, but when they interfere with motor sport it is going a little far.—*Motor.*

And both of these (two varieties of evening primroses) so chastely beautiful in their wedding frocks of evening, wrap their incipient motherhood in a cloak of rose-pink satin at the bidding of the morning sun.—A. T. Johnson in *Sunday Times.*

A man was charged at Sheffield Police Court yesterday with using obscene language to a clockwork mouse which refused to perform on the pavement.—*Manchester Guardian.*

HOT FOR CERTAINTY

I SOMETIMES wonder whether the continued popularity of crossword puzzles is not largely due to the fact that here, in a world of insoluble problems, are problems capable of being solved. In a crossword puzzle—especially in what may be called the middlebrow or highbrow crossword puzzle—there is always a right answer, and there is only one right answer. If the clue runs: "King goes to the deuce for a novelist," in two words of seven letters each, the answer, "Charles Dickens" is as indisputable as the statement that two and two make four. No one—not even the most contentious individualist—will write to the paper maintaining that "Leo Tolstoy" or "Thomas Hardy" is the true solution. Among crosswords—at least among serious crosswords—we are in a world of certitudes. However we may flounder in doubt and despair, we know that somewhere within fairly easy reach is solid rock on which we can rest.

Outside the answers to crossword puzzles, how few things there are of which we can be absolutely certain! In the correspondence columns of the newspapers one letter-writer seldom makes a dogmatic statement without being dogmatically contradicted by another. There have been letters in the *Times* recently, for example, about the prevention and cure of colds. One writer has strongly advocated the claims of salt and water sniffed up through the nostrils. Another writer, a doctor, strongly condemns the practice of sniffing up salt water as dangerous. Yet another, a major-general, writes to say that a nose and ear specialist warned him par-

ticularly against the use of a nose-boat—or swan, as the more poetic call it—and ordered him to sniff the fluid up his nose when douching it. I know another doctor who argues that all this flooding of the nasal cavities is unnatural and leads to unhappy complications and who recommends instead the inhalation of powdered soap, which is productive of health-giving sneezes. This, you would think, is a matter that could be settled once and for all by a small committee of experts. But I do not suppose it will ever be settled. Wars may cease, but the war between the nose-boat and the upward sniff will go on to the end of time. One man, having preserved himself from catarrh with raw onions, will sneer both at nose-boats and at sniffing, and will declare that nothing but raw onions is of any use to anybody. Another, having champed raw onions in vain, will sing the praises of his little iodine locket. Another will be all for inoculation; another for mustard footbaths. And nobody will ever know for certain how to prevent or cure a cold—not, at least, another person's cold. My own ideal preventive is a little tobacco, but not too much tobacco, a little whisky but not too much whisky, but what is the exact amount of tobacco and whisky needed for the cure I cannot say for certain.

Turn, then, from colds to Stilton cheese, another recent subject of dispute among letter-writers. It is not long since Sir John Squire wrote to the *Times* urging that a statue should be set up in honour of a certain woman supposed to have been the inventor of Stilton cheese. Immediately other correspondents wrote in protesting indignantly that the woman named by Sir John was an imposter—that she merely adopted the recipe of a woman greater than herself and, like some other famous people, got the credit of a discovery not her own. Sir John, in his reply, contended that even so Mrs. Pewlett—I think that was the woman's name—was worthy of a statue, since, if she did not actually invent the cheese, she was the channel through which it reached the world in general. To argue like this, however, is surely to put a premium on the stealing of patents. Is not the history of patents full of sad stories about poverty-stricken men of genius who have made brilliant inventions only to have them exploited by men who were cunning enough to appropriate their inventions and to popularise them? Sir John's counsel, it seems to me, is simply a counsel of despair—despair of ever being able to discover who it actually was who made the first Stilton cheese. Probably we shall never know. Do we even know who made the first sausage, or the first pork-pie, or the first maid of honour? Why, we are still disputing about the authorship of Homer's epics and the plays of Shakespeare. The past, like the future, lies under a thick mist of uncertainty. The older the world grows, and the more men know, the more agnosticism increases among those who rely on facts.

And, not only do we not know who first made Stilton, but apparently we do not even know, in the words of one correspondent, "how to treat a Stilton cheese." "I would in particular," he writes, "protest against the vile and almost universal practice of 'digging out' a cheese, which results in a great increase in the area from which evaporation occurs, so that the cheese gets dry much more quickly." Now I myself have hitherto been of the opinion that one of the great pleasures of eating Stilton cheese arose from the preliminary use of the gouge. There is something generous in the appearance of that vast bulk that can be spooned out on to a dish at pleasure in non-Euclidean shapes. Yet here is an authority who tells us that cheese treated in this fashion becomes full of "debased spiders" and that it should be cut on the flat. To say this, it seems to me, is to introduce mechanical Bolshevism at the table. It is to apply a Five Month Plan to an essentially aristocratic cheese, instead of approaching it in the proper reckless and wasteful spirit of the old regime. It is of no use arguing with such revolutionaries, however. My only point in drawing attention to the letter is to emphasise the fact that, apart from the answers to crossword puzzles, we can be certain of very few things in this life, not even that we have discovered—beyond a doubt or peradventure as they say—the right way to treat a Stilton cheese.

Another matter that has been much debated in the correspondence columns lately is the meaning of the hymn, "Abide With Me." Hitherto it has been sung for the most part as an appropriate evening hymn, and has for some strange reason become popular as an item of community song at Cup Finals. Authorities have come forward, however, to declare that the writer of the hymn intended it not as an evening hymn but as a hymn for the dying, and that it is usually sung under a misapprehension of its meaning. In this matter, I confess, I am on the side of the misapprehending public. I cannot see why the public should be forbidden to take a hymn written for one purpose and use it for another. After all, we give lines of Shakespeare, such as "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," meanings that Shakespeare never intended. At the same time, I could never see what "Abide With Me" had to do with football matches. Whether it is an evening hymn or a hymn for the dying, it is both an inappropriate sequel and an inappropriate prelude to a symphony of buzzers. In a world of uncertainties I am certain of that.

Among the various insoluble problems that have been raised during the week is the old problem, how to find a word that suggests both the unity and the equality of England and Scotland and that has the same emotional and imaginative significance as "England" and "English." The Scots have been on the warpath again and seem to think that, in justice to themselves, "Great Britain" and "British" should be more frequently used. Yet who, even apart from considerations of metre, could seriously write, "What have I done for you, Great Britain, my great Britain?" or "Who dies if Great Britain lives?" "England" and "Scotland" are words that stir the imagination—the imagination, at least, of Englishmen and Scotsmen. "Great Britain" is merely a prosaic and convenient description of the union of two remarkable nations. "English literature" is one of the greatest literatures in the world: "British literature" sounds perfectly unreadable. Besides, when one thinks how comparatively few genuine Britons there are in Great Britain outside Wales, it is clear that the word "British" is an even more inaccurate misnomer for the combined races than "English." There are, I am sure, far more Englishmen than Britons in Scotland itself.

Here, then, is another problem—how to find a really inspiring word to describe the English and the Scotch and the Welsh without offending the susceptibilities of any of them. The problem seems to most people, including myself, insoluble. And, as I have said, it is the insolubility of this and of most other problems that make us turn with a sigh of relief to the impregnable verities, the unchallengeable certainties, of the solutions to crossword puzzles. Y. Y.

Correspondence

BROKEN MANDATE

SIR,—General ethical considerations apart, are there not two points in the so-called peace terms which call for serious consideration, even if these particular terms are rejected, as they deserve to be? They will almost certainly recur in future proposals, though they will doubtless be less ineptly stated.

(1) If, despite their outrageous falsity, Italy's charges against Ethiopian administration are ever accepted by the League as substantially correct—and that would be the only possible implication of a territorial partition—in what way is it consistent to transfer Assab or Zeila, together with a corridor of approach, to the mercies of so barbarous a regime? Is not the mere suggestion of such an exchange a vindication of the Ethiopian position unless we are to assume that civilisation is devoid of all conscience and humanity? Has Italy no obligation towards the inhabitants of Assab? Have we none to our protected subjects of Zeila? Is it consistent with our trusteeship that we should subject them to the dominance of an anachronistic and sadistic monster, such

Italy depicts the Ethiopian Government to be? Surely the mere suggestion by two statesmen of proved integrity invalidates Italy's prime contention that Ethiopia is unfit to exercise sovereignty.

(2) All the suggestions for partition that have hitherto been made completely ignore the sentiments of the peoples whom it is proposed to transfer. In the South these are mainly Galla, who, believing that Italy has all along been behind the slave racket, have little love for Italians and no desire to become their subjects. Do their wishes count for nothing? In addition to this disregard for the feelings and interests of the peoples concerned, both the British and the French proposals would involve the bisection of the Galla by an arbitrary line, which takes no cognisance whatever of ethnic or geographical factors. Any settlement on such a basis would raise fresh issues which will have to be determined at a later date. In the past, international and even intercolonial frontiers often took no notice of tribes or of wider ethnic groupings, with results which have generally proved disastrous to the tribes subjected to this surgical operation. From a very long list I might instance the Azande, the Masai, the Banyaruanda, the Lugbwara, all of whom have suffered irreparably by being compelled to recognise a dual or a triple allegiance. The protecting powers have found the situation no less embarrassing and fruitful of "incidents." With this experience behind us surely a partition of the Galla cannot be seriously contemplated.

2 Brookside, Cambridge. J. H. DRIBERG

SIR,—Belonging to no political party but as a supporter of the League of Nations, I not only voted for but actively supported the Labour candidate at the last election.

On the eve of the poll our Conservative and National candidate published the following notice :—

> Do you want to *work* for peace with the National Government, or merely *talk* about peace with the Labour Party? Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Anthony Eden are working for peace at Geneva. Fifty nations of the world are following their efforts to make the League of Nations a reality. Will you *help* by voting National, or hinder by voting Labour? Remember, in the eyes of the whole world *every vote against the Government is a vote for Italy and against the League of Nations.*

That candidate was elected!

St. Mary's Grange, Easthorpe, Kelvedon, Essex. PHILIP S. MUMFORD

SIR,—In last week's issue of your paper a letter appears over the signatures of Edward Whitley and John Whitley Nance. Like them I feel strongly that the Government has not only broken faith with the British electorate, but by its sudden change of attitude in face of Italian threats and French cajolery and bluff, has given to the world an impression of cowardice unworthy of our traditions.

I cannot, however, claim any part in the authorship of the letter, which is to be attributed to two relatives of mine, one of whom bears the same name. EDWARD WHITLEY

Oxford.

THE CATHOLIC VOTE

SIR,—Nearly every Labour candidate will be in thorough agreement with the views expressed by Mr. G. T. Garratt, that "the growing use of private money is an important and dangerous factor in modern politics." The new alignment is quite definitely between the "haves" and the "have nots," which may not be so new except that the subtle influence of "Big Business" has taken the place of that of Landlordism which was not quite so brazen in its processes.

Labour has no illusions about the "weight" of the opposition machine—but I must confess that even I, still bearing the scars of a recent battle in a "vested" constituency, was not awake to an even more insidious reactionary influence—the dictatorship of the priests.

Bury, which was my constituency, is a typical Lancashire cotton town, with a very distinct entity.

I should imagine that the pedigree of every one of the 50,000 inhabitants is an open book, and everyone is known to everyone else. It is possible to convey the human body to Manchester in twenty minutes, but ideas permeate more slowly than material things, and "what Manchester thinks to-day" doesn't matter a tinker's curse to Bury. Despite its close proximity to Cottonopolis, it has all the attributes of a more remote town.

There has never been any secret about my activities for women's and child welfare. If there could be complete candour on this matter, I believe that the majority of people share my view that we should be allowed to exercise choice in the matter of childbearing, and so prevent the incidence of birth from being purely accidental. Perhaps the only difference is that I have the courage of my convictions, and for years I have advocated publicly what is popularly called to-day "birth control."

Be sure your sins will find you out! It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that I have never introduced the question of birth-control into a political speech, as it is not part of the Labour Party policy. The blizzard began to blow as the campaign reached its climax, and during the last few days I was exposed to the full blast of the wrath of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. I had "nursed" (not "wet-nursed," please note!) the constituency for ten months, and I had sometimes wondered if and when the clerics would question my unorthodoxy. The unruffled calm of those days is all the more remarkable when contrasted with the vicious onset of the finale.

The first "sanction" was applied by the *Catholic Herald*, which refused to accept an advertisement of my candidature and then proceeded to assail me in its news columns. Perhaps I ought to say that before my adoption I warned the Bury Labour Party of the danger from Catholics, and the *Catholic Herald* in its attack on me advised its readers to vote against me, "hoping that the Bury Labour Party will learn its lesson at the poll." Five days before the poll four priests came to see me. They subjected me to a sort of third degree cross-examination, to which I submitted fairly cheerfully because I felt I owed a duty to the Party. It struck me as pitiable that four celibates, living in a world of monkish unreality, should attempt to discuss a sociological matter of which they have, admittedly, no knowledge.

I instanced the case of a woman exhausted from tuberculosis, to whom a further pregnancy might mean death, and would most certainly aggravate the disease. "Was it not immoral to withhold from her such information as would prevent such a contingency?" I asked. To my utter amazement they replied that there could be no immorality comparable with that of sexual immorality. I was unable to decide which was uppermost, their ignorance or their impertinence, when they asked why I did not devote myself to improving the housing conditions of the poor. In their zeal (or it may have been convenient) they had forgotten the Labour Party's fight against strenuous Tory opposition to slum clearance in Manchester.

Other denominations may have divorced politics from the pulpit, but in the Church of Rome it is still the most potent weapon. On the Sunday preceding the election, in every Catholic Church in the town I was "banished from Bury with 'bible, bell and candle.'" In the old biblical days a harlot was stoned. Fortunately for me the Church to-day is subservient to the civil laws, and the priests in the security of their sanctuaries had to be content with branding me as "an immoral woman" and exhorting their flock to vote against me. It may come as a surprise to many people to learn that even to-day there are priest-ridden places like Bury. As events proved their domination is great enough to make political freedom a mockery. I don't think the danger of the Catholic Church to democratic government is properly appreciated.

I had another illustration of the priestly dictatorship. Two days before the election I had a big demonstration at which two of the speakers were Catholics. Before the meeting they each received a letter from the principal Catholic dignitary forbidding them to speak on my behalf. Like good Socialists and democrats they risked the displeasure of the priest and came to my assistance. Whatever pains they may have to endure from the "wrath to come," they are both members of the new Parliament, and I hope they will continue to hold aloft the torch of freedom. It is amusing to note that in the last-minute effort to circumvent the delinquents the Fathers hurriedly convened meetings in each parish at the time of my demonstration "for Catholics to receive advice regarding the election." The significance of this will be appreciated when I say that one of the Fathers warned my agent and myself, on separate occasions, that he had 5,000 votes "in his pocket."

The one hopeful sign in the whole of this sordid mixture of religion and politics is that the intolerance of the priests may goad the more democratically inclined Catholic laymen to revolt. Since the election I have had letters from Catholic Socialists complaining that they were "shepherded into the Tory pen!"

It is a struggle between medievalism and twentieth-century progress. Are the priests to be allowed to have a foot in both camps?

As a footnote, it is perhaps enlightening to add that the Tory and Liberal candidates (with families of two and three respectively) satisfied the priests that they had no sympathy with "family planning." It would seem that in their case a beneficent Providence achieves the same results as "birth control" does in mine!

EDITH SUMMERSKILL

THE LABOUR PARTY'S FUTURE

SIR,—Mr. Cole's economic programme for the Labour Party consists of four items: (1) limited socialisation; (2) cheap credit and economic expansion; (3) improved methods of marketing; (4) taxation levied equitably upon all forms of excessive riches.

(1) Socialisation of a few key industries was worth going for thirty years ago, when it might have been possible to divert a little surplus-value into the public purse. To-day the key industries (except banking) are not worth taking over as a source of profit for the community. (They are quite likely to be nationalised by the capitalists themselves, in order to unload future losses on the taxpayer). The only reason valid nowadays for the taking over of industry is the possibility of Socialist planning. This implies not piecemeal but whole-hogging socialisation.

(2) Cheap credit in the absence of comprehensive planning leads to over-expansion of the capital-goods industries and to a speculative boom, followed by a fresh slump.

(3) Improved methods of marketing are badly needed, but are incompatible with "improving the position of the small trader." There are too many of such for efficient distribution. A rational reorganisation of production would find useful work for them, but could not possibly guarantee them continuance and prosperity in their own businesses.

(4) We are now very near the limits of taxation under capitalism. So long as enterprise remains in private hands, additional taxation is likely to result in a "stay-in strike" of entrepreneurs, further increasing unemployment. But without much steeper direct taxation than we have at present, the aim of diminishing inequality cannot be achieved.

In short, Mr. Cole's proposals ignore two fundamental features of the present situation. (1) Capitalism is no longer a going concern. (2) A mixed system, part capitalist, part Socialist, is self-contradictory. Even if not positively unworkable, it perpetuates the evils of capitalism and obtains none of the benefits of Socialism.

14 St. John's Terrace,
Leeds, 3.

H. D. DICKINSON

COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—Election-time prophecies are not always borne out by the facts. Those, however, who prophesied at the Brighton Conference that the National Government would endeavour to lead the electors of this country "up the garden path" in the matter of sanctions have been startingly justified during this last week. As Sir Samuel Hoare truly observed, the foreign policy of the present Government, despite the frontage of Eden that at times conceals it, has a clear hereditary likeness to that of the late Foreign Secretary. There is no difference at all. It is shiftiness unashamed and simon-pure. Immediate meetings of protest are required. Mr. Baldwin has inaugurated his new Ministry as the hero of a Polish Partition—not its Frederick the Great, but its Maria Theresa who "wept, but took."

It does not follow that the policy of sanctions, as approved at Margate and Brighton, is or was wrong. It is the task of the Labour Party to hold this Government to its implied Election promise that it would agree to no peace inconsistent with the avowed objects for which sanctions were to be applied under the Covenant. The Labour Party, at least, can lend its approval to no peace that will give countenance to a partition of Abyssinia in the interest of an exploitative imperialism. It follows, however, logically (as the Italians are swift to point out) that Britain—and, at least, the Labour Party in Britain—must make some clear declaration of what are the guiding lines of its *own* colonial policy. We cannot escape this obligation.

In formulating this policy I suggest that the task is one of giving adequate recognition to two principles. The one is the principle of mandatory control as a recognition of the claims, not only of the nation, but of international society in the development of backward areas. The other is the principle of "socialism in at least our own country."

The first principle involves the acceptance, in the Party's Colonial policy, of economic reciprocity, especially in raw materials, and migrational reciprocity. The Colonial Office must be prepared to submit reports to the Mandates Commission of the League as is now done in the case of Tanganyika. The colonial area under Socialism cannot be treated as a closed area, although the claims of "have-not" nations to economic access must be strictly limited by the prior rights of the native populations. Socialism is not Liberalism, nor does it admit any free right of foreign capital to exploit areas under its administration.

It is, however, to considerations relevant to the second principle that I wish especially to draw attention. Under Socialism the colonies cease to be "possessions" and become integral parts of one commonwealth, as much as White Russia and Turkestan are integral parts of one Union. Natives are not "possessions" or "subjects," but beings with full human rights. Trusteeship is not enough, since trustees may be changed without consent of the wards. To Fascist demands for a "share-out" over the heads of the native population, the answer must be "not one acre and not one native."

Further, those backward areas, which would not give adequate security or returns to the private investor where extensive schemes of development are concerned, are precisely the areas most appropriate for Socialist planning. The average standard of living of British "subjects" in the commonwealth (as distinct from inhabitants of England) is not higher, but definitely lower than that of the Russian workman. The same opportunity for astounding increases of production, as a backward area is opened up, are possible in the British case, granted a vigorous and masculine planning policy, as in the Russian.

The difference between capitalist and Socialist development is that the one is concerned with increased dividends and sure returns, the other with the native market and social improvement. But this development, in its early stages of building railways, bridges and factories, cannot be without effect upon employment in the heavy industries at home.

Capitalism cannot produce a planned colonial policy. The task of the Labour Party is to get down immediately to the work of doing so—elaborating a policy balanced in the fashion above indicated. The first step, it should be added, would be to make, in conjunction with other appropriate organisations, an adequate survey of colonial resources.

19 Glebe Place,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

SCHOOL LEAVING AGE

SIR,—The suggestion in your article on the Government and Education that the proposal to increase the school age to fifteen will be inoperative in practice because of the proposed exemptions for beneficial employment is not borne out by the actual experience at Cheltenham, where the school leaving age was raised to fifteen on October 23rd, 1934.

Despite the difficulty that an adjoining urban district, which will one day be incorporated, still retains fourteen as the leaving age, the experiment has been successful.

The co-operation of the principal employers was sought, and the Post Office authorities raised the maximum age for the recruitment of boy messengers and girl probationers within the area to 15½ years, to enable boys and girls leaving school at fifteen years of age to be eligible.

The Committee controlling exemptions always had before them particulars of the unemployed juveniles over fifteen years of age registered at the Employment Exchange. The intending employer was called upon to give full particulars of the work, the prospects before the child and the wages.

In each case where the application to leave at under fifteen years of age was granted, the Committee were satisfied that the employment offered was either an apprenticeship to a trade or work offering reasonable prospects. Exemptions have not been granted for "blind-alley" work or, in the case of girls, for daily domestic service.

Of 488 children who if the age had not been raised would have left the schools at Christmas, 1934, and Easter and Summer, 1935, 173 were granted exemptions—35.4 per cent.

Of these 92 were boys and 81 girls. Of the boys 67 were definitely apprenticed, 11 joined the Gloucester Aircraft Works, two became clerks and five were accepted at nurserymen's gardens as learners.

Of the 81 girls 33 took situations as living-in domestics, 32 were

apprenticed and five became clerks. In six cases the Committee decided that the girls really were required at home.

On the other hand I must in fairness say that at Gloucester, where, also the age limit has been increased, the leading educationist says the bylaw has been a complete failure. Obviously much depends on the interpretation placed locally on the exemption clause.

H. C. GRIMWADE

Cheltenham.

[The last paragraph of this letter provides the answer. We did not suggest that the exemptions would totally neutralise the effect of raising the school age, but that in very many areas, particularly in those industrial areas where juvenile labour is most employed and where the need for raising the age is greatest, the interpretation adopted is most likely to make the measure a farce.—ED. *N.S. &N.*]

THE ROUBLE

SIR,—Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, now a "student of morbid psychology," tells your readers that I was once "a close reasoner and accurate deductionist," whereas now I have been "brought low" by my dislike of Socialism and consequent desire to discredit the Soviet system. But I was just as much opposed to Socialism in the old days, when Mr. Fyfe was a star writer on the *Daily Mail*, or a war propagandist, as I am now. It cannot, therefore, be true that my old proficiency in deductive ratiocination has been impaired and corrupted by any recent perversion of economic or political faith.

May I add that in reading my book on *Economic Freedom* Mr. Fyfe has discovered a mare's nest? He has quite missed my point about the rouble, which is this. The Soviet Government, by over-issuing the paper rouble, has depreciated its purchasing power from two or three shillings (sterling) to a penny or twopence. But at the time of which I was writing it maintained an official rate of exchange based on the value of the old gold rouble, and made the innocent British visitor to Russia pay two or three shillings for a scrap of paper which would only buy as much as a penny or twopence would buy in England. Thus, for a pair of boots worth about fifteen shillings in England, a visitor, after making the exchange, would find that he had paid 3 x 175 shillings, or over £26.

Is it very wicked of me to regard this as a swindle? I am, however, beginning to hope that the rouble is now recovering some of its purchasing power. It is gratifying to an economist of my school to read in correspondence from Moscow that Mr. Stalin is being converted from Marxism to Individualism.

FRANCIS W. HIRST

[Surely very few visitors to Russia suffered much from the "swindle." All their normal expenses, for travelling and full board and lodging, would be covered by an inclusive (and very reasonable) payment, arranged through the official "Intourist" agency. They would have nothing to expend roubles on except such trifles as cigarettes or drinks or chocolates—and even these could be bought quite cheap with their own currency at the Torgsin Stores (which have only recently been abolished). Does Mr. Hirst know of any foreign visitor who purchased, or ever dreamed of purchasing, a pair of boots in Moscow at the price of £26?—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

LABOUR AND THE ARTIST

SIR,—The artist nowadays, like everyone else, is made uneasy at the prospect of Fascist or Communist interference. A note in your last issue is an unfortunate reminder that he has an older and more insidious enemy in the bourgeois Philistine.

Thousands of hack artists are forced to spend their lives in trying to please this public. Could anything that Herr Goebbels has said be more unnerving to the small minority who are determined to express their conceptions than to be told, even "very modestly," that "they would often do better to give us what we want instead of what they (the artists) think we ought to want"?

DUNCAN GRANT

8 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

CHEESE

SIR,—Mr. David Garnett (reviewing Mr. Osbert Burdett's book) is in error in supposing that there is no tolerable American cheese. There is a delicious cheese of Port Salut type made by Trappist monks in Ontario. But Trappist monks, like their cheese, are the product of "a settled civilisation of long standing," and I fear there is little demand for either. Americans seem to prefer a negative cream cheese which they can eat with salad: and American salads are barbaric.

I wish Mr. Garnett would take the initiative in founding such a society as he suggests; and I for one would be glad to buy a Double Cottenham, if he could put me in the way of it.

T. S. ELIOT

Oxford and Cambridge University Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

SIR,—Mr. Herben is right. I know nothing about the farm cheeses of Lancaster County, nor Mohawk Valley full cream, nor the Wisconsin sharp. In America I asked my friends about their native cheeses, but was categorically told that they knew of nothing but factory-made Kraft and "Cheddar" and that the only tolerable cheeses were imported.

Only by making a Johnsonian display of ignorance does one ever stand a chance of being corrected. Since I want to find out about cheese and not pose as an authority on it, I shall not apologise but rejoice in so fruitful an error. When I have the good fortune to cross the Atlantic again, I shall at once seek out the Lancaster County and the Mohawk Valley full cream. I hope, and believe already, they will be worthy of the most beautiful country and hospitable people in the world.

DAVID GARNETT

Hilton Hall, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.

"PUNCH" AND THE NEW YORKER

SIR,—The pre-war intellectuals' attitude to *Punch* has now become popular, like their attitude to other institutions, but it seems odd that intellectuals should still bark as hard as ever up the same tree. *Punch* differs a good deal from what it was when Mr. Clive Bell last found fifteen minutes' reading under one of the drawings. Artists like Nicolas Bentley, Fougasse, Pont, G. S. Sherwood, Illingworth, Hailstone and others less well known must find it pretty tough to be told to read the *New Yorker* as if that were a magazine they had never heard of. Even some writers for *Punch* have heard of it and read it regularly down to the football article; and the poorest of us may read a lot of it, a few weeks or years late, in some London newspapers. An intellectuals' reaction is overdue, but I don't expect one.

Hampden Club, London, N.W.1. RICHARD MALLETT

Miscellany

THE MURDER ON THE DOWNS

PAST a cow and past a cottage,
Past the sties and byres,
Past the equidistant poles
Holding taut the humming wires,

Past the inn and past the garage,
Past the hypodermic steeple
Ever ready to inject
The opium of the people,

In the fresh, the Sussex morning,
Up the Dangerous Corner lane
Bert and Jennifer were walking
Once again.

The spider's usual crochet
Was caught upon the thorns,
The skylark did its stuff,
The cows had horns.

"See," said Bert, "my hand is sweating,"
With her lips she touched his palm
As they took the path above the
Valley farm.

Over the downs the wind unveiled
That ancient monument the sun,
And a perfect morning
Had begun.

But summer lightning like an omen
Carried on a silent dance
On his heart's horizon, as he
Gave a glance

At the face beside him, and she turned
Dissolving in his frank blue eyes
All her hope, like aspirin.
On that breeding-place of lies

His forehead, too, she laid her lips.
" Let's find a place to sit," he said.
" Past the gorse, down in the bracken
Like a bed."

Oh the fresh, the laughing morning!
Warmth upon the bramble brake
Like a magnet draws from darkness
A reviving snake :

Just an adder, slowly gliding,
Sleepy curving idleness,
On the Sussex turf now writing
S O S.

Jennifer, in sitting, touches
With her hand an agaric,
Like a bulb of rotten rubber
Soft and thick,

Screams, withdraws, and sees its colour
Like a leper's liver,
Leans on Bert so he can feel her
Shiver.

Over there the morning ocean,
Frayed around the edges, sighs,
At the same time gaily twinkles,
Conniving with a million eyes

At Bert whose free hand slowly pulls
A rayon stocking from his coat,
Twists it quickly, twists it neatly
Round her throat.

" Ah, I knew that this would happen ! "
Her last words : and not displeased
Jennifer relaxed, still smiling
While he squeezed.

Under a sky without a cloud
Lay the still unruffled sea,
And in the bracken like a bed
The murderee.

WILLIAM PLOMER

DR. GOEBBELS

He will live in my memory as I last saw him—Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, publicity agent of the Third Reich, High Chief Propagandist of a regime that exists through unceasing propaganda. It was in his newly decorated office in the former Prinz Leopold Palais on the Wilhelm Platz in Berlin. An office on the aristocratic first floor. Under the despised Republic the building had been occupied by the Press Department of the Foreign Office. The upper floor had been reserved for official receptions ; the officials were badly housed in offices on the street level. Dr. Goebbels changed all that. He took as office the finest room in the building.

The place was in good taste. In the corners of the vast room were huge Chinese vases apparently borrowed from the State Museums. Is it not a Nazi dictum that common weal comes before private interest? In the Chinese vases were clusters of orchids two feet long and costing a small fortune. The furniture was the best modern type, and behind an immense desk sat the Minister of Propaganda. His body slight like a boy's, his short legs not even touching the ground, his dark hair slicked down to an un-Aryan smoothness, his dark face thrust forward in the impertinent manner that is his, and on it the expression of mingled self-pity, brutality and intelligence that make him the interesting specimen that he is.

" You claimed to have business with me," he began, licking each word in the manner that has made his platform enunciation so effective. For unquestionably, to a half-way intelligent public, he, and not his semi-illiterate *Führer*, is the best speaker in New Germany.

This man is educated. He is sensitive, intellectual, and utterly dominated by a ruthless demon of ambition that has made him the second figure in a great country. This ambition feeds on the immense self-pity that he stored up during the first twenty-seven years of his life.

Born a cripple, of mediocre prospects, the clever boy Paul Joseph was helped to an education by rich benefactors. At Heidelberg he got the itch to write and frequented the circle round Professor Friedrich Gundolf, the friend of the insanely conceited poet Stefan George. He wrote verses. He showed them to Gundolf, wistfully, timidly. " Rotten," commented the professor. Friedrich Gundolf was a Jew.

When Goebbels left Heidelberg he began writing plays. He peddled them to every theatre manager in Berlin. " Rotten," said the managers and refused them with disdain. Most of the theatre managers in Republican Berlin were Jews. He applied for a reporter's job on the *Berliner Tageblatt*—and was refused. The editor and the owners of the *Tageblatt* were Jews. " When I think of the humiliations of my youth," he once explained, " I see no reason to shrink from applying any treatment to our adversaries." In the Third Reich his plays are performed. The S.A. see to that.

Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels came into the Nazi Party in 1924 with the programme of " raising to fury the natural dislike of the Germans for the Jew." He succeeded.

For as a publicity agent he is without a rival. His, rather than Hitler's, are the slogans, catch words, phrases, pseudo-ideas and deliberate lies which have gripped the mind of the Nazi masses. He leads the Nazi propaganda abroad, painting the picture of a gentle, much misrepresented, innocent Germany that is shown to all foreigners. " Don't believe the foreign press. See for yourselves how nice we are ! " He dominates education, the moving picture industry, the constant circuses that are the Nazi substitute for butter. His one-time friend and now chief enemy, Hermann Göring, has taken most of the theatres from him. But he has two in Berlin, the Theater am Horst Wessel Platz, once the best in the country, and the newly acquired Deutsches Opernhaus, " dedicated to Adolf Hitler." Surely he is the father of phrase : " So long as there remains in Germany any unpolitical, neutral or individualistic art, our task is not finished." Extend this phrase to " independent thought " and you see the importance of the Doctor's task. For Nazi Germany exists through a series of deliberate falsifications of which the " Horst Wessel legend "—created by Goebbels—is one of the least harmful : falsification of religion, science, education, history and current events. It is his discovery that whereas a qualified truth makes no impression on the mob, a direct lie sticks. Without Dr. Goebbels, his propaganda, his censorship, his adroit misrepresentation, the Third Reich is unthinkable.

But doesn't he believe some of it? Not he. At his first meeting with the German newspapermen, this king of propagandists slipped. For after telling his hearers that under the new regime the press would remain free, that is, relatively free, he concluded : " But do not imagine that we shall allow

you to swindle the people out of our hands. We know only too well how this can be done."

No, Paul Joseph Goebbels believes in something sweeter than the Third Reich—in the star of Paul Joseph Goebbels and his right to punish those who once neglected or opposed him. To nothing else has he ever been faithful. To no other person. He betrayed his first Nazi friend, Gregor Strasser, in 1926. He betrayed his other friend, Captain Röhm, at the time of the party massacre in 1934. He is separated from Hermann Göring by an incredible hatred. So far he is true to Hitler. He once explained his devotion in a public speech. "Why," he asked rhetorically, "are we true to our leader? Because we know"—impressive pause—"that our leader is true to us!" Were Hitler to totter, let him not count on the unpopular but indispensable doctor. After all, hasn't he imagination beyond the suspicion of his somewhat simple-minded party comrades? The qualities of his mind have made it a natural assumption that it was he who thought of realising a revolution by the simple trick of setting fire to the Reichstag and blaming it on the Communists. What other signs of genius do you require?

Goebbels is his own religion. And should this regime go, none can be so surely counted on to survive as the Propaganda Minister. For his is the instinctive, biological cunning of the rat.

PURCELL AND OTHERS

THE first of the three special concerts arranged by the B.B.C. for the concert performance of three operas in the Queen's Hall was devoted to Purcell's *King Arthur*, conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult, and it was of special interest to me because I witnessed the complete production of this opera, as an opera, in Cambridge in 1928, when it was directed by Dr. C. B. Rootham with an amateur cast and orchestra consisting chiefly, if not wholly, of Cambridge undergraduates. This 1928 production was the first since one—probably neither as complete nor as correct—made by Macready in 1842. The policy of performing in the concert hall works intended for the stage is necessarily dangerous; but seeing that we are without a National Theatre or any wholly endowed theatre where new experiments, even when they are no newer than the revival of old works of repute unknown to the present, can be made, it is commendable of the B.B.C.—which is without a theatre and cannot broadcast the visual scene—to try the effect in the concert hall rather than leave the public in ignorance of important compositions. Only after the test has been made will it be possible to judge whether the result is successful or not, for so much will depend on the nature of the work itself.

Now that *King Arthur* has been heard in the concert hall it is clear to me that Purcell's work is decidedly not suited to this transformation. In fact, I think *King Arthur* is more damaged by this change than most operas would be, and this might be thought at first rather odd seeing that *King Arthur* is, what none of Wagner's operas are, a true music drama; that is to say a play with musical scenes but conceived by the dramatist for the composer and not primarily conceived as a drama to which a composer has afterwards added incidental music. It is also not an opera in the modern sense because it has scenes without any music at all; but these scenes were intended from the beginning to have no music. In a true music drama the music is bound to observe more closely Gluck's theory that the music should be subservient to the drama than Mozart's theory that the drama is the pedestal for the music, and, indeed, this is the case with Purcell's *King Arthur*. Here the music is not sufficiently self-sufficing to stand removal from its dramatic action. The very perfection with which Purcell has moulded his music to the dramatic purpose of each scene is the cause why, when removed from that scene, it fails of its full effect. Certainly at times the beauty and power of Purcell's music does not fail to strike the auditor in a concert hall, but the effect is far greater when this music is heard in its proper place—in the enacted scene on the stage. An example of this is the famous Frost scene which, on the stage, is one of the most movingly beautiful things I have ever experienced in any opera, whereas in the concert hall, although the quality of the music is evident to a perceptive listener, its imaginative justness and its consequent dramatic effect in the theatre cannot be appreciated.

The general effect of the Cambridge production of *King Arthur* as a music drama in the theatre was far more intense and satisfying in my recollection than the B.B.C. performance in the Queen's Hall under Dr. Adrian Boult, in spite of the latter performance's technical superiority. The amateurs of Cambridge, led by a few professionals including the conductor, gave a much truer rendering of the spirit of the work than did the B.B.C.'s wholly professional musicians. The difference, I repeat, was chiefly due to the fact that Purcell's work bears particularly ill the restrictions of the concert hall. It was also made clear that a narration of an action by speakers, however competent—and Messrs. George Sanders and Dennis Arundell did as well as could be expected—is no substitute for the enacted scene, which is what any dramatic writer would expect. But it must be added that even as a concert performance the B.B.C. rendering was far from ideal. The solo singers—as is almost invariably the case in England—were not up to the level either of the orchestra or of the chorus. It is a strange fact—but not so strange when we consider that we have no National Opera and therefore no adequate training for singers—that English singers, though not by nature unendowed either with voices or with musical sensibility, are not really up to the mark. Their voices are rarely pleasant to hear, having, as a rule, neither beauty of tone nor purity of enunciation, and their musical technique leaves much to be desired. Also we now suffer more from gentlemanliness in singing than in any other branch of music. Our orchestral instrumentalists have already learned to let themselves go, and have acquired sufficient virtuosity and taste to do so, not only without harm but with vastly improved musical results; but most of our singers are far behind, in the stage at which the best they can do is little more than to avoid making their defects too audible.

As a contrast to the unavoidable disappointment of *King Arthur* we have had two recent concerts of exceptional merit. The first was a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, at which a perfectly arranged programme was performed. It consisted of an early Mozart Symphony, No. 30 in D major, Dvořák's Symphony No. 2 in D minor and a Symphony in C major by Bizet, which had never before been performed in England. The Mozart Symphony was delightful (the last movement being particularly fine), as was the Dvořák, and both were beautifully played. The Bizet Symphony, composed when Bizet was still a student at the Paris Conservatoire, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, is a gem. It has four movements, of which the first and last show that Bizet could equal all but the very greatest of the German masters on their own lines but with much gayer and more stimulating material. The Scherzo is full of invention and fine craft, with a very odd individual flavour, while the slow movement is one of the most ravishingly beautiful things in symphonic music, worthy of comparison in its lyrical expressiveness with Schubert at his best, although more earthy and erotic than Schubert ever was. Hearing this boyish but astonishingly mature work of Bizet made me realise anew the gulf that exists between genius and talent. However much we may laud the works of our Ravels, Vaughan Williamses, etc., how instantly they pale before the first sparks of the true fire!

The London Symphony Orchestra, under the able and sensitive direction of Sir Hamilton Harty, is now a vastly improved body, and its concerts deserve the serious attention of music lovers. Also, Sir Hamilton Harty has the knack of giving interesting and unhackneyed programmes. Why should we hear nothing but the "New World" symphony of Dvořák, for example, when his other symphonies have such considerable

merits? The constant repetition of certain works in most of the programmes of our different concert organisations to-day is merely a bad habit, and is often an injustice to composers so gifted as Dvořák, for example, all of whose symphonies are worth hearing often.

The other concert I want to mention is the Courtauld-Sargent of December 9th and 10th, when a programme of a chamber music character was given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent. The Boyce Symphony in B flat and the Weber Clarinet Concerto No. 1 Op. 73 were well worth hearing, although the latter by no means represents Weber at his best, but the clarinet playing of Mr. Reginald Kell was superb. The Bach Violin Concerto in E major—also well played by Mr. Paul Beard—and the Schubert Symphony No. 5 in B flat major are always good to hear, but the chief pleasure of the evening was Mozart's enchanting Serenade No. 10 in B flat (K 361) for thirteen wind instruments, which received under Dr. Sargent a remarkable performance, of which the wind-players of the L.P.O. may well be proud.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mary Quite the Contrary

"The stage," said William Archer many years ago, "is not the place for historical exegesis . . . for example, it would be both dangerous and unprofitable to present, on the English stage, any very damaging 'scandal about Queen Elizabeth.'" Mr. Wilfrid Grantham cares little for Archer and in *Mary Tudor* at the Playhouse gives us, not only a most deplorable Elizabeth, but a Mary whose hand incarnadines no multitudinous seas. Yet the play is not by any means bad; and that is not to say that Archer was wrong (he was far less often wrong than most people nowadays suppose), but that Mr. Grantham has attempted something rather more subtle than the mere placing of a surreptitious hand on the historians' scales. He does not argue about the fires of Smithfield—indeed he scarcely mentions them. Had he been concerned to defend them, and Mary with them, he could have borrowed from St. Thomas Aquinas arguments which, on their premises, have never been refuted. Rather he seeks to present the psychological development of a woman cruelly buffeted by circumstance, leaving his audience to fit in its schoolbook memories as best it may. In one respect, he fails. If Mary was not wicked, she must appear in our eyes firmly, fanatically wrong. There is no fanaticism in Flora Robson's otherwise exquisite performance—neither flaming madness of faith, nor smouldering, dark obsession, to make it conceivable that, from any motive whatever, she could have done what, in historical fact, she did. It is a grave omission; but there is so much beauty and delicate feeling in the piece as it stands, that one's impulse is to forget history and remember only a woman growing ill and old in disappointment and thwarted affection. Miss Robson has elsewhere given more spectacular proof of her quality, but surely never so poignant and sympathetic a revelation of steadfast, suffering humanity. Joyce Bland's young Elizabeth is hard, sharp and glittering—a perfect contrast to the Queen, though perhaps a little too obviously a dangerous woman. Marius Goring presents an oddly convincing (though probably unauthentic) portrait of the youthful Philip of Spain.

"Goosefeather Bed," at the Embassy

Beyond giving Miss José Collins a part peculiarly suited to her talents, the gypsy play by Lady Eleanor Smith and Miss Doble at the Embassy (the pseudonym "Charlton Hyde" concealed the truth, apparently, from nobody) has little to make the Swiss Cottage pilgrimage worth while. The authors seem to find great difficulty in preserving their characters from priggishness. One by one they forfeit our esteem as the play wears on, and as they have very little, actually, to say for themselves, and say it again and again, there grows a deep lassitude in the audience. Born of a gypsy mother in a bourgeois household, Pepe Montgomery experiences the call of the blood and takes to poaching with a female gypsy with whom he proposes to elope. His mother battles with the wench for her son and—rather luckily—wins. Miss Collins's flamboyance is impressive, but Pepe is a pompous young ass, anyway, and it is fairly certain that a few weeks on the highway would only make him a better bourgeois in the end. Francis James in the part is irritatingly superior throughout, but Pepe appears the more stupid, in that the authors concede remarkably little charm to his gypsy love, played, with a sort of helpless bravado, by Jean Shepeard. The audience seemed to find Miss Yvonne Rosie very entertaining as a goggle-eyed and painfully arch little girl of fourteen. She has the makings of an actress when she learns to express things more moderately.

"Broadway Melody of 1936," at the Empire

Ambitious musical-comedy films of this type are almost always disappointing. They aim at entertainment-value from so many different angles at once that weakness invariably shows in one bowstring or another and the total effect is spoiled. Curiously enough, it is in this *genre* that the resourceful cinema fails where the stage succeeds; for one thing, because noisy doses of tap-dancing are slightly less wearisome in the flesh than on the screen. This film cannot compare with *Top Hat*, let alone *Gay Divorce*, because Fred Astaire, as an artist, is in a class entirely apart from all other exponents of modern sleight-of-foot. But its occasional neat camera tricks were a pleasant change from the usual hot-house shots of female automata, the half-hearted story was enlivened by amusing American repartee and by a pedantic disquisition on snoring, punctuated by brilliant practical demonstrations, which lifted us clear out of high spirits into genuine humour. Yet the big attraction of the piece is Miss Eleanor Powell, America's acknowledged queen of tap-dancers. There need be no disputing her right to that title—but to me it seemed a pity that consummate intricacy of movement should have to be so graceless, so acrobatic and awkward to look at. Nick Long Jr., on the contrary, displayed an engaging personality, and danced attractively as well. If the choice in these musicals must be between too much expert rattling and shuffling and too many beaming beauties, by all means let us have the lesser inanity of a glorified girliehood. But that is admittedly a question of taste.

A Charming Exhibition

Anyone who can afford to give a thrilling present should look in at the Zwemmer Gallery before he has spent his last ten or twenty guineas. For here, amongst fifty-odd works, are forty at least, any one of which it would be exciting to receive and a joy to keep. This is a real Christmas show—a treat: the examples of Renoir, Matisse, Picasso, Gaudier, Berman, Bonnard, Maillol, Rouault, Dufy, de Pisis, Marie Laurencin, Braque, etc., have been chosen with taste, a sense of humour, and with a commendable regard for the middling amateur's overdraft. One's pleasure is not spoilt, either, because one cannot buy the most expensive picture in the gallery—a small oil-painting by Sisley. Though the subject—that café by the river at Marly, the subject of *L'inondation* in the Louvre—is familiar, the handling is not. This is an unsatisfactory Sisley. On the other hand, the Rouault head (dated 1934) is one of the best things that unequal artist has shown for many a long day. The Marie Laurencin is unusually charming. Maillol's drawing is about as good as even a Maillol can be. Naturally Picasso provides the surprise: even those who are used to his versatility are likely to be taken back by the big etching which he has only just finished. Gaudier and de Pisis are both seen at their best, which is very good indeed. And one would be glad, some fine day in the *Midi*, to make one's lunch off either of the Dufys. A charming show.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 20th—
- Bertram Mills's Circus, Olympia.
- Three New Films, "Jubilee," "Construction," "Miners," Sunday League Hall, 34, Red Lion Square, 8.30.
- "Fritzi," Adelphi Theatre.
- "The School for Scandal," Old Vic.
- "This World of Ours," Gate Theatre.

SATURDAY, December 21st—
- League of Arts Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, December 22nd—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Old and the New Year," Conway Hall, 11.
- Alick West on "Percy Bysshe Shelley," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, December 23rd—
- "The Blue Light," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
- "The Magic Marble," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
- Markovadolin Ballet, Duke of York's Theatre.

TUESDAY, December 24th—
- "Jack and the Beanstalk," Drury Lane.

THURSDAY, December 26th—
- Rugby Football, London Counties *v.* New Zealand, Twickenham.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. G. M. YOUNG is an historian from whom it is always a pleasure to learn; he commands respect and is always interesting to read. But his latest book, *Charles I and Cromwell* (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.), perhaps because it is so short—hardly more than an essay—resembles a beam of light which illuminates the spot on which it is focused at the expense of leaving the surroundings in what seems by contrast greater darkness than before. The point on which Mr. Young has focused his attention is: Why and when did Cromwell determine that the execution of Charles was necessary? A convincing legend has it that the place where the decision was taken was the Blue Boar in Holborn, close enough to the present offices of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for the editorial staff to repair there if they ever need to steady their nerves before making a fateful decision. To the Blue Boar one of the King's servants brought a saddle in which there was hidden a letter which the King was sending to the Queen. Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, abstracted it, and we can imagine their feelings when they found the King writing

> He should know in time how to deal with the rogues, who instead of a silken garter should be fitted with a hempen cord.

It was the time before the Royalist revolt of the Second Civil War when, in the words of John Buchan, Cromwell

> for the past year . . . had steered a difficult course, which to most men seemed a miracle of inconstancy. He had been first for parliament against the army, and then for the army against parliament. He had gone to the utmost lengths to obtain an agreement with Charles. . . . He had won for himself the unhesitating distrust of royalists, presbyterians, and republicans. To reasonable people like Hyde he seemed a man with a single purpose of overmastering personal ambition, to further which he was prepared to snatch at any means however crooked and shameless.

But according to Buchan the truth was almost the opposite of the common belief and "he certainly had not the pole-star of personal ambition." Mr. Young takes the contemporary view, which to my mind is borne out by Cromwell's amazingly penetrating reply to the French envoy Bellievre: *No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going*, words which would appear to have become the guiding principle of every English politician from that day to this. Speaking of Cromwell, Mr. Young says: "the French publicist who wrote of Mr. Lloyd George as *type du puritanisme anglais*, flashed a signal which lets much light into dark corners," and he regards it as most probable that Cromwell was at this time offering to support the King in exchange for being made Earl of Essex and Viceroy of Ireland.

* * *

I think it is important to remember Cromwell's origins. The cadet of an aristocratic house, whose ancestors had been lavish, open-handed courtiers, Cromwell had seen Charles as a child, and James I staying as his uncle's guest, at Hinchingbrooke. As he grew up he saw the family seat sold and himself reduced to becoming a somewhat unsuccessful farmer. It was then from being the jovial ringleader of the local boys, who afterwards became his officers and major-generals, that Cromwell became the deeply penitent puritan reading the Bible and wrestling with his conscience. For the psychological understanding of Cromwell, the spectacle of his family's grandeur and its nearness to the throne is, I think, essential. It explains, more than simple self-seeking, why Cromwell was pulled in two ways—to the King—and to God whose earthly reward might be higher than any King could give. Whether we accept the legend of the Blue Boar or not scarcely matters, for as Mr. Young realises, Charles was an impossible man to deal with.

> He asked nothing more than to be the King which God had ordained him, for the sake of his people, to be, and he would accept nothing less.

What that was we can see more recently in Nicholas II, who was educated by Pobyedonostev to believe he was a vice-regent, however unworthy, of Almighty God and that he would be betraying his Master if he relinquished the rights of an absolute autocrat. Thus Charles could only *pretend* to strike a bargain. Cromwell might put off making up his mind until the last moment when Ireton made it up for him, but the only possible conclusion was that no one who had taken up arms would be safe while the King lived.

* * *

Mr. Young has hard things to say about the King's trial and execution. I cannot understand why. No doubt it was a farce, but surely it was better policy to hold a mock trial in which Charles should be indicted for his very real crimes against his subjects, and to execute him with a thin pretence of legality, than to have him assassinated in a hole-and-corner way? The whole conflict centred in the person and character of Charles. In the Russian revolution the question of making peace and of breaking up the great estates were paramount; the fate of Nicholas was of no importance. In England the struggle was one of conscience. Charles could not be quietly murdered in the background, and, if he had been, every Englishman would rightly have been aghast at such a crime. The best kind of trial that could be got up in the time and a hurried execution were essential, and though an illegal farce, it did settle the question of supremacy for ever. Frederic Harrison is right when he says: "As the head of the king rolled on the scaffold the old feudal monarchy expired for ever." Mr. Young seems to recognise that the execution was forced on Cromwell and Ireton by the character of the king, and at the same time maintains that it was the most disastrous mistake.

* * *

I cannot help feeling that Mr. Young misunderstands or underestimates puritanism.

> The one bad mistake Elizabeth ever made was in not providing the Church with preachers. The craving, active or passive, for sermons must be taken as a psychological datum of the age, and as there were few parsons competent to preach the true Church doctrine, the flock turned gladly to those who preached something different, not because it was different, but because it was preached.

Mr. Young must have forgotten Silver-tongued Smith if he thinks there was not plenty of good preaching in the days of Elizabeth. His sermon on Jonah's punishment, delivered just after the destruction of the Armada, rises to heights which can seldom have been surpassed in the pulpit. There is no need to remind Mr. Young of Donne's sermons. But in any case he seems to mistake the symptoms of the fever for the germ which produced it. Why did the populace thirst for sermons—and for strange and unorthodox sermons? Surely because of the Bible. When every man could read the word of God and interpret it in the light of his own conscience, "a hierarchy which might with equal truth be regarded as an inheritance from Apostolic times or a branch of the Civil Service"—as Mr. Young describes it—was inevitably inadequate. However much it might preach after the publication of the Bible, England became overrun with men who had to expound the Word of God themselves. I do not question that

> Cromwell, in a volcanic hour of anger, disappointment, ambition, impatience and perhaps despair, flung himself against the English tradition where it has always been strongest and most sensitive, its respect for law, and so condemned his party to an age-long exclusion, hardening and narrowing, from the national life which, wisely led, it might have permanently enriched.

But when Mr. Young goes on to ask:

> What would have been the future of Puritanism dominant, diffusive, mellow? . . . But in that December it made its fatal step aside and took the indelible print of hypocrisy and self-will.

he seems to me to leave out of account not only the terrific power of genuine fundamentalist belief but also Charles's conscience. If there had been an accommodating sort of king with no conviction of his responsibility for his stewardship to God, he might have survived. Men without profound convictions have an easier time. As it was, his father's Authorised Version cost him his head.

DAVID GARNETT

THE FATE OF AN ELIZABETHAN

Antony. BY HIS FATHER THE EARL OF LYTTON. *Peter Davies.* 9s.

This is a remarkable book, extremely interesting from three points of view—as a portrait of contemporary youth, as a study of the relations between parents and children, and as a picture of the governing class—not the delightful eccentric upper classes, but the small knot of powerful aristocratic families. First we are presented with an adorable child, living in the world of the Homeric heroes, driving a pony cart like a chariot, standing up in his Greek costume and galloping it about the park at Knebworth with a spear in his hand. At his private school he is first introduced to the world where games and popularity are to matter more than anything else for fifteen years—and there are lectures on the war. "He is talking all about bombing, glorious! We have got a God in the room, it is great fun. He is talking so well that he makes you think you are in the trenches. Good-bye." Already he wrote vigorous natural letters which he signed "someone" and already his father remarks: "He lost something of his originality, as all boys do at school." At fourteen he writes from Eton a brilliant description of an interview with his tutor about making friends with a boy from another house who cribs.

> "He is a boy with a very bad past record and he is not the sort of boy I like my little children to be friends with. . . . He seems to me to be a boy with a great lack of honour. What sort of a boy do you think he is?"
>
> "I think he is a very nice boy."
>
> "How can you think that a boy who cribs is a very nice boy?"
>
> "I don't see that it makes any difference to a boy whether he has had the bad luck to be *caught* cribbing or not." (I did not tell him that there wasn't a boy in his house, or for that matter in the school, who hadn't cribbed, and it was bad luck on anyone who happened to be caught.)

And so the battle rages.

The letters from Eton suffer because they are all written to his parents and consequently dwell on triumphs rather than disappointments, and on functions, which are the natural copy of schoolboys' letters home, while their real life is a series of friendships, conversations, intrigues and awakenings in which an event like the 4th of June is about as unimportant as the Lord Mayor's show. What matters is getting popular and winning colours, tasting the joys of power for the first time, acquiring knowledge and avoiding punishment; in fact, growing up. I remember very well that Eton of fifteen years ago, it was still almost entirely pre-war in feeling—after a pathetic year or so of serfdom, when fear was the dominating emotion, one emerged gradually into the full blaze of feudal sunlight. The masters represented the church, praising, cajoling, blaming, pointing the way, with the headmaster like a kind of terrible Pope; the boys, with their great hierarchy of colours and distinctions were the rest of the population, while the prefects and athletes, the captains of houses and self-elected members of "pop" were the feudal overlords who punished offences at the request of the church (and in return were tacitly allowed to break the same rules themselves); they could beat almost anybody for almost anything at sight, and it seemed to a droll, idle, scholarly little beetle like myself that most of the staff were deeply in awe of them. Work was generally deplored as too drastic remedy for our unemployment, games oddly enough were not in themselves a sure passport to popularity, for the last time in our lives money didn't matter, and if one had to say what really counted one would have to admit that it was a curious blend of elegance and vitality to which the addition was much appreciated of a certain mental alertness and the gift of being amusing. The times when I am really transported back to Eton are when I read the memoirs of Grammont, or *The Princesse de Clèves*. But there were two serious influences who stood out above the general gaiety and magnificence, Mr. Headlam and Mr. Marten. Both taught history to the history specialists, from whom the feudal princes were recruited. Otherwise the atmosphere was eighteenth century and political, much as in the days of Gray and Walpole. It was assumed that in after life ravens would feed one, science and most contemporary knowledge were taught but discredited, and one continued to be happier than one could have conceived possible and to acquire a wide, but (for me) on the whole rather useless, knowledge of the way to govern an empire or a board.

Supreme among these thousand boys was a small group of powerful dandies, who were looked on with an awe that luckily in most of us atrophies, or we should be miserable still, Nico Davies and Edward Woodall (to whom the best letters in the book are written) Antony Knebworth, the exquisite Mr. Edward Jessel, the languid Lord Dunglass. Lord Knebworth was remarkable for his vitality, which was often boisterous, his fits of melancholy, his ability and his charm. He was a beautifully built and slightly stooping athlete, an incarnation of that adventurousness and courage which is so alluring to intellectuals and which usually ends in them breaking their legs. The group transplanted itself in a body to Oxford and was disappointed, as are all boys who are happy at Eton, by the dismal emptiness and ugliness of Oxford at first, and the difficulty of starting life all over again.

> I dare say Oxford is a good interesting place for old men of forty, but for boys, why I'd rather be at a girls' school for knitting. It would be better exercise. . . . I want an incentive to do something. I have ambition, but no goal and therefore nothing to work for. Money? I want it, but it doesn't thrill me. God? I don't understand him and he doesn't fill me. Passion? Yes, but what does it mean? How do I get it? What do I do? Strength? Yes, but what good is physical strength? Power is perhaps the only light I can see clearly, but that is very dim and very far and the obstacles are incredible and the pleasures which distract one from getting it too good.

To this questioning his father replied with words of golden wisdom, recommending the pursuit of happiness and drawing a distinction between happiness and pleasure. But his son is already bitten with the idea of political realism.

> I think the most fatal thing of all is the general tendency everywhere to be good. It is such a mistake and so unnatural. I mean by "being good" things like disarmament, upholding the integrity of smaller nationalities, prohibition, League of Nations. . . . It's these drivelling idealists like Woodrow Wilson and Bob Cecil (is that libel?) who want to try to make people do everything for the peace of the world at the expense of nationality. It is fundamentally communism and a fatal thing for everyone.

To which his father replies: "You may not agree with idealists like Bob Cecil, and you are fully entitled to disagree with them, but if you call them 'drivelling' you betray a want of confidence in your own case."

Ski-ing solves the problem for the moment, for Lord Knebworth was one of the greatest and most enterprising ski-ers of the generation, but it only made him dislike Oxford more and the idea of an office to follow—but other places are worse: of the sailor at Dartmouth he says: "They are so concentrated on modes ignorance and manhood as to be almost unnatural." Then *Don Juan* revives him with its appeal to the blend of cynical and romantic which shows in his own rather histrionic nature. At twenty-one the "career" seems to burden him more than ever.

> I have a dread of becoming just one of many young men living miserably in London and working hopelessly in the city. . . . But I suppose really the conventional life is the right one or it would not be the conventional one. . . . I hate the thought of Parliament, or the City, or of London, or of anything except something quite peculiar.

He is saved by going out as A.D.C. to his father in India, where he plays polo, climbs to Tibet, skis in the Himalayas ("Believe me, the plains of Tibet are horrid. They are all like a desert to look at; only the yak, who lives on rocks and sands and snow (poor sweet) can subsist there—they're so high you can't breathe, eat, or move without being sick, and you have headache all the time.") In India he is blissfully happy: "It is Eton. Play, sport, games are the thing; work the odious duty, the sideshow!" He wishes to stay on there, but is not permitted to. The prison house is now closing rapidly round him—he works first at Conservative Headquarters, then in the Army and Navy Stores, still rebelling hopelessly. "This method of life persistently carried on for about forty years eventually produces wealth, dignity, power, position and universal respect. It is called Christian civilisation. . . . I see in these things only the same piece of green blotting-paper every morning." He became a Conservative member of Parliament in 1931, but was already turning entirely against democratic government. He worked in the Army and Navy Stores, went to the House, and spent his spare time flying, finding in aviation that escape from daily routine (his description of flying to Milan reads like the Airman's journal in Auden's *Orators*) which for most of us becomes all we can hope for in the way of real self-expression. He more and more hates the liberty which he has had to abandon and his last letters are devoted to Fascism, Roman Catholicism, and a crusade against the decadent influence on English debutantes of the works of Mr. Noel Coward. "They are going to make us promise not to use bombs in the next war. It is all too fantastic and futile for words. . . . My political and philosophical and social war is a revolt from Liberty and Liberalism. . . . That is why I admire the Catholic Church." In his last letter he quotes a saying of his friend

Dr. Goebbels : Germany

of "the new statesman and nation" december 21 1935

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LEAGUE PERSONALITIES by KAPP
Great Britain: Sir Samuel Hoare

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which

Windham Baldwin, whom he had known at Eton: "Only gods can stand freedom; we turn bad on it. . . . I have been lucky and rich and happy and prosperous and have felt, as a boy, like a god. Then I have had no hemp, himp, homp [work in steel mill] like you, no clutch of circumstance, and I have gone bad, that's all." Three months later he was killed, flying, obeying an officer in a too difficult manœuvre. He was then twenty-nine.

Well, there is the picture, the picture of a young Elizabethan, gifted with a great deal of brain, a strong character, and a wonderful body and aided by every advantage of birth and education, and every help that a devoted family life, and the wisdom of one of the few obviously perfect fathers in literature, could give. One should think of him as a terrible loss to his country, as an example to other young people of the scope for physical adventure and moral energy that exists in the world—and yet one can't, one can see him only as the victim of a system, someone crowned with too early success and struggling hopelessly afterwards to disentangle himself from it, noting down in his letters with that amazing alertness and self-criticism that was so typical of him, the alternative lives that are always presenting themselves and always forbidden. We hear a lot of criticism of public school education from those who at school were failures—but is there anything in reality more dangerous than early success? I was myself a success at school and it seems to me that I have only recently recovered my balance. Early laurels weigh like lead, and looking back at Antony Knebworth's schooldays, I see now, not only the train of envy and irritation which his successes must have cost his rivals, but the effect of the competitive system on him, always be going in for something and always having to win it, and then ding that there are no more competitions, only a slight dazzle om the conflagration of his early successes to remind him of the mall school-universe where he had been most fully alive. If competition is carried into after life with equal violence it becomes a kind of piracy, and a kind at which Antony Knebworth was too high-spirited and romantic to succeed. Hence his discontent, his regret at not having fought in the war—for temperamentally he was pre-war; intolerant, egotistic and bred to consider the world his oyster and politics a game. He lacked the idealism which alone could dominate his fatal inherited family facility, and without which all natural gifts must spoil. But the system of education derives from the class which brought it into being, and it is this governing class, I feel, which is really to blame for the transition of Elizabethan into Fascist that we have watched take place. For, although there are exceptions, of which Lord Lytton is obviously one, it is a class which has persistently underestimated the intellect, which regards it as a source of evil and not a source of pleasure; where ability, self-interest, and shrewdness, heavily coated with good fellowship and charm are what matter, and from which an intellectual or artistic member must often drag himself out with ignominy or without success, distrusted by his old friends, and discontented with his new. "Power makes men stupid" it has been said, and the power of the governing classes is cumulative and hereditary. Had Lord Knebworth belonged to another class, had he been a miner's son like Lawrence, for instance, he would have risen by his intellect and not been kept down by his athletic accomplishments. He would have met his intellectual equals instead of remaining all his life with his intellectual inferiors, and become what he wanted to become, a writer. "I know I could write a great book," he says, "that I could make my living with my pen, that I could be really great in that line, and then I should be happy. But I know, too, that I never shall." As it is, of course, his writing has great ability but no standards. The writers who were at Oxford with him, Evelyn Waugh and Peter Quennell, for instance, were impossible—they were aesthetes—and instead we see someone whose intellect (as opposed to his intelligence) remains the same as at his private school, who never looks at a picture or a building, who mentions no music but Gilbert and Sullivan, who mentions no living writers but Belloc, Chesterton, Philip Guedalla and Maurice Baring and who enjoyed Mark Antony and *Wuthering Heights* at school, but afterwards reads and rereads *The Constant Nymph*. What did he gain by cutting himself off from the life of the mind, from all genuine aesthetic experience? He did not write better or ski better or box or fly better, he only missed entirely the two great conceptions of our day: that of artistic integrity, the life of the spirit, and that of social justice, "the palpable and obvious love of man for man."

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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WILLIAM COBBETT

Peter Porcupine: A Study of William Cobbett. By MARJORIE BOWEN. *Longmans Green.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There are some people, in every generation, whose fortune it is to go down to posterity, not in virtue of anything particular that they may have achieved, but because of the strength and enduring quality of their own personalities. Of such was William Cobbett, who died a hundred years ago without having seen any of the aims to which he had devoted his life and his controversial talents come to pass except the reform of Parliament; and even that reform was no more than half of what he had desired, and its immediate results quite other than those that he had hoped to see. But his reputation is not a whit the less enduring. It has not quite happened, as Cobbett (whose strong point was never modesty) prophesied, that his name endures while those of Liverpool, Canning, and Castlereagh are forgotten; but the fame of these statesmen rests, at least in part, upon the role they played in history, in their connection with affairs of State with which every candidate for matriculation is expected to have some acquaintance, whereas Cobbett's reputation rests upon himself alone. In token of which let this book, written without specialised knowledge of the period, and with an unfortunate lack of detailed accuracy, but nevertheless with a vivid interest in and appreciation of Cobbett as a man, stand in evidence.

Miss Bowen clearly finds Cobbett an exasperating if an interesting subject. She dislikes, as his contemporaries did, his complete and unshakable self-confidence and his conviction that on all points of dispute he was completely in the right and those who differed from him entirely in the wrong. She finds his controversial manners not irreproachable; and she does not think that he was always quite fair to personalities with whom he disagreed (e.g., to Castlereagh). She is at pains to expose the more glaring inconsistencies in Cobbett's own life, inconsistencies which perhaps glare the more brightly because their perpetrator was so completely unaware of them; she points out that for an apostle of frugal living and sound finance Cobbett got rather often into debt, and that if his ideal of womanhood was really that expressed in *Advice to Young Men* and kindred works, he departed rather far from it in his passionate support of Queen Caroline. What she fails to bring out, however, is to what an extent Cobbett, in what may seem his most exaggerated moments, was really expressing, even if with somewhat over-emphasis, the instinctive reactions of the mass of the people whom he had set himself to champion. Cobbett's hatred of Castlereagh was not a piece of personal spite; Castlereagh did die execrated by the mass of Englishmen, and whether the verdict was unjust or not, his enlightened policy in foreign affairs at that time counted for nothing against his cold persecution of the common people. Similarly, the support of Caroline was a real popular movement, a case in which the people saw an opportunity of expressing, in a way which would not land them in jail or on transports, their hatred of their class oppressors and of the dilettante and disreputable prince who had done nothing to help them. The great demonstrations of 1820 were a reply to Peterloo and the Acts of oppression, and had nothing whatever to do with the character of the Queen; and Cobbett, as the champion of the oppressed, put himself at the head of the movement to hit back at the Government where it would hurt them most. Miss Bowen, with all her interest in Cobbett as a character, does not sufficiently bring out the fact that he was not merely a "character" in the eighteenth century sense. He was a personality who was felt by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to be really representative of themselves. The sixty thousand copies which were sold of his unstamped *Political Register*—each copy, it should be remembered, read not by a single subscriber nor even by a family, but by groups which might consist of whole villages—should be proof enough of that. The English farmer, the English labourer, and the English factory worker, felt that Cobbett was upholding them, that he was saying just what they would have said if they had possessed his ability with a pen, and if he sometimes talked nonsense or became unwarrantably abusive—well, it is every man's right to talk nonsense upon occasion.

One other criticism of a lively and readable book must regrettably be made. Miss Bowen has either neglected to read her proofs, or omitted to verify her references, and the result is an irritating collection of inaccuracies. In this she is flattering her subject by imitation, for Cobbett in names and dates was one of the most inaccurate of writers; but a biographer who criticises Cobbett should not emulate him in this respect, and it is a pity not to know whether Cobbett's agent was named White or Wright, to call Gale Jones Dale Jones throughout, and to misquote the titles of a large number of books and pamphlets. (Even the D.N.B. appears translated to the *National Dictionary of Biography!*) Nevertheless, for those who come new to the subject and his times this should prove an entertaining and suggestive introduction.

MARGARET COLE

BYRON AND LADY HARDY

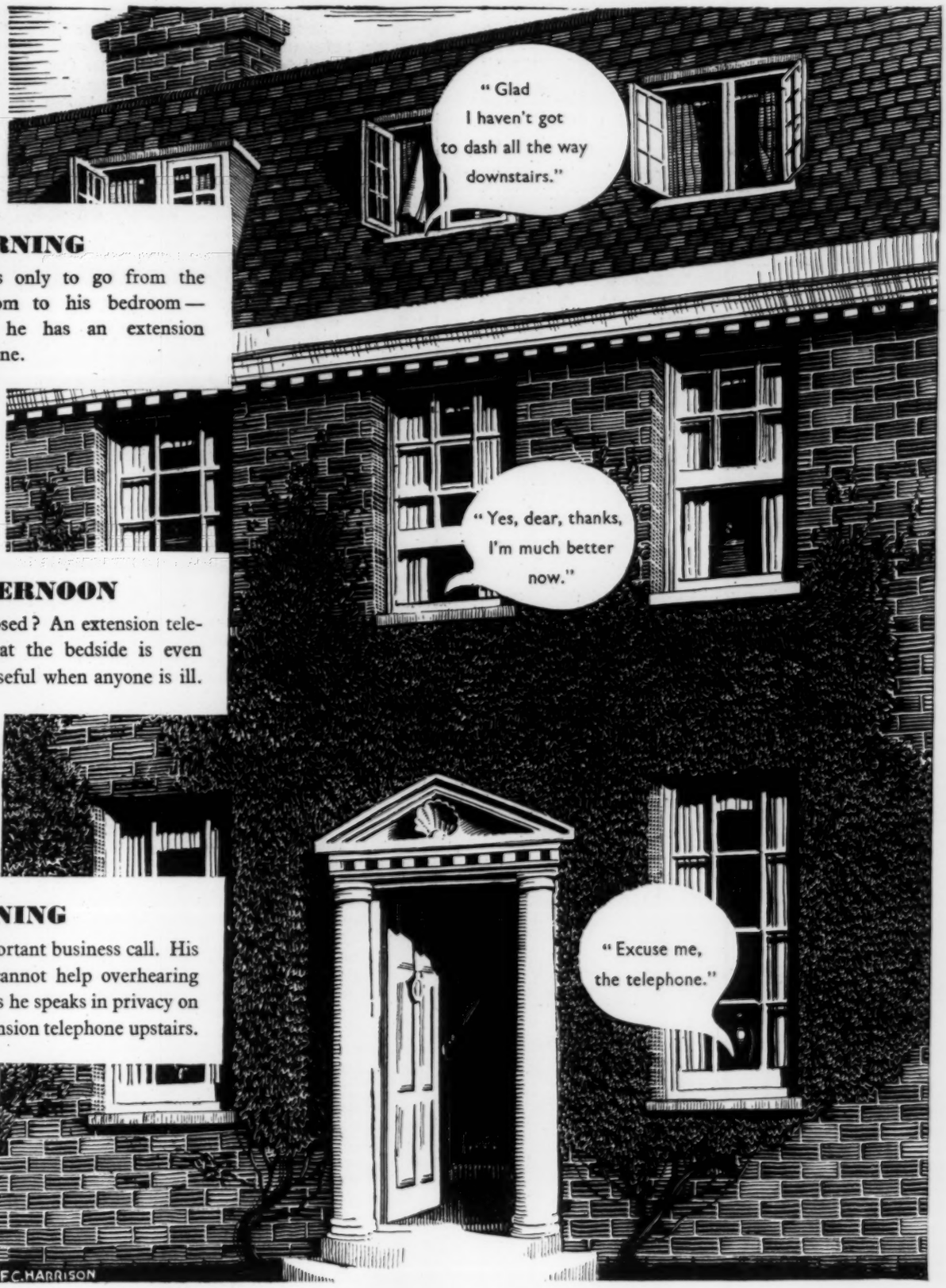
Nelson's Hardy and His Wife. By JOHN GORE. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To Mr. John Gore we are already indebted for an admirable selection from Creevey's letters and journals; and readers who have made a special study of the fascinating period between 1811 and 1832 will find much to interest them in Mr. Gore's new volume, *Nelson's Hardy and His Wife*. General readers, on the other hand, may be somewhat disturbed by the slightly disjointed character of the narrative. Sir Thomas Hardy (in whose arms Nelson breathed his last words) was a gallant and energetic man; Lady Hardy a vivacious and amusing woman; but neither of them was sufficiently individual to stand out head and shoulders above the crowd; while, as almost from the beginning of their married life they failed to agree and usually lived asunder, it has proved extremely difficult to knit their divergent careers into a harmonious and easily followed story. Of incidental entertainment, nevertheless, there is a great deal. Lady Hardy was a formidable person, talkative, observant, fond of admiration, but implacably virtuous (though, in later life, she enjoyed a long sentimental relationship with the Marchese Gino Capponi); and quite the most interesting chapters of the present volume describe her meeting and conversation with Byron during the year 1822. This episode, which extends from page 79 to page 106, would alone make the book worth reading; for it introduces a number of Byron's letters (hitherto unpublished) written in his best epistolary style, and throws a curious sidelight upon his temperament.

Lady Hardy had previously met the poet, with Lady Jersey, in 1814; when she had discovered—or professed to discover—a faraway connection between his family and hers. Byron was always attracted towards any human being connected to him, however remotely, by ties of blood; and, having received an invitation to visit her at Genoa, he hurried round to her rooms and sat talking—about himself, about the heartless Annabella, about his London memories—from eleven o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night. He talked freely and, if not frankly, with that peculiarly expansive flow, mingling deception and revelation, which was perhaps the nearest approach to frankness that Byron ever achieved. Afterwards, he wrote her six letters. Lady Hardy was an attractive and clever woman; and Byron was greatly diverted by the discovery that James Wedderburn Webster, to whose wife, Lady Frances, he had himself paid devastating court in 1813, was now laying a pertinacious but unsuccessful siege to his charming "cousin." For Webster had not improved with age. He was still amorous, shifty, vain, improvident, dishonest—was still in constant trouble with his creditors and, to add a final touch of absurdity, had assumed a black wig, which he attempted to pass off as his own hair. ". . . I said something (writes Byron to Lady Hardy) about the 'transmutation of hair' but I was surprised into it by his wanting to make me out that his black wig was the shock (or shocking) flaxen poodle furniture with which nature had decorated his head ten years ago."

Webster and Lady Frances had recently separated. Byron was never the man to spare the memory of a one-time conquest; and, in the intervals of trying to assure Lady Hardy that his friendship with Lord and Lady Blessington and Alfred d'Orsay had been of the briefest and most commonplace sort—which was not altogether true—and excusing his venomous attacks on Castlereagh, he saw fit to entrust her with a secret. It was to Lady Frances—"poor thing"—that he had written the celebrated lines: *When we two parted*. . . . He appended the last stanza of the poem which had never been published before:

Then fare thee well, Fanny,
Now doubly undone,
To prove false unto many
As faithless to one.
Thou art past all recalling
Even would I recall,
For the woman once falling
Forever must fall.



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People often say, 'There are no Governesses to-day. They are an obsolete Victorian memory.' In thinking of them they conjure in their minds the conception of a dragon, austere, repressive . . . . Visions arise of a backboard, a ruler with a hard edge, a . . .

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"There's morality and sentiment for you . . ." he concludes, with a particularly Byronic fleer. It is a little late in the day to turn the heavy artillery of ethics and sentiment against Byron himself; but it is interesting to remember that, according to Byron's own letters, Lady Frances had never "fallen," and that, far from having proved faithless to Childe Harold, her devotion for several months was so embarrassing that Byron had been at some pains to shake her off! P. Q.

BLAKE'S NOTE-BOOK

The Note-Book of William Blake. Edited by GEOFFREY KEYNES. *Nonesuch Press.* 35s.

This is an exciting event for all students of Blake. For the first time the *Rossetti Manuscript* is accessible to them, preceded by Mr. Keynes' transcript of the poems and prose contained in it, and by descriptions of the drawings. The history of the MS. book was already well known. Rossetti bought it for ten shillings from Palmer, a brother of Blake's young disciple, Samuel Palmer, who held an appointment in the Antique Gallery at the British Museum. He lent it to Gilchrist, and himself edited a selection from the MS. for Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, cheerfully altering the metre where Blake's originality as a poet was beyond his grasp. It should be added that he had the grace to repent later of some of his more egregious changes, but the harm was done: corrupt versions held the field. In 1887 the MS. book was acquired by the late W. A. White of Brooklyn, who allowed Messrs. Ellis and Yeats to make use of it for their edition of Blake's *Works*, helped Dr. Sampson with his text of the lyrical poems, and finally supplied Mr. Keynes with a photographic reproduction from which he prepared his text for the Nonesuch edition of Blake's *Writings*.

In his Introduction Mr. Keynes offers a brilliant solution of the mystery which must have perplexed all those who read a description of the manuscript book, and still more anyone fortunate enough to borrow from him the photographic reproduction. Why had Blake used this apparently very ordinary little note-book on and off for forty years, first as a sketch-book, then turning it round and cramming it with verse and prose? He was poor enough, but even his poverty did not seem sufficient explanation for so dire an economy. Now we understand: it was not economy at all; the very paper on which he drew and wrote was a source of inspiration to him. The book had belonged to his brother and pupil, Robert Blake, that brother of whom he wrote thirteen years after his death: "With his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit, and see him in my remembrance, in the regions of my imagination. I hear his advice, and even now write from his dictate."

Mr. Keynes arrives at this conclusion by his ascription of five of the drawings on the early pages of the book to Robert. "They have," he says, "a stiff and angular character quite different from that of figures drawn by William Blake," and are akin to drawings known to be Robert's. Three of these are very slight sketches. A fourth is a full-page water-colour drawing of a knight rushing from a Gothic cloister in pursuit of a woman. I have suggested in the Nonesuch *Life of William Blake* that it might be an illustration of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. Since I wrote that, I have become familiar with a lovely little water-colour of Blake's, still unknown to Mr. Keynes, in which a young man and woman are contemplating the prostrate figure of a girl: in the background is a Gothic cathedral. They may be illustrations for the same novel, but the contrast convinces me that Mr. Keynes is right about the drawing in the MS. book: it is far too crude for William Blake's brush. His fifth ascription, I own, gave me a pang—the drawing of flowers and fairies, used for the cover of the second edition of Gilchrist's *Life*—but when I pulled myself together and examined the figures I realised that the pang was pique, because I had reproduced the drawing in my *Life* without—it may be said—any expostulation from Mr. Keynes. He had not yet made his great discovery.

I was relieved to find that he countenances the theory that the drawing on page 4 of a man in bed, while a woman sits by his side pulling on her stockings, represents Blake and his wife. Mr. Sturge Moore flouted this interpretation as a ridiculous fancy, and Messrs. Ellis and Yeats thought the drawing *risqué*. Times have changed: nowadays we are impressed by the exquisite modesty of a female who is wearing stockings at all, putting them on, too, at such an early stage in her toilette.

Yet even Mr. Keynes has not been able to identify all the sketches, so there is still detective work to be done. MONA WILSON

A NOTABLE FRENCHMAN

The Baron d'Holbach. By W. H. WICKWAR. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This useful and interesting book fills a long empty gap in our knowledge of the eighteenth century. Holbach is not, no doubt, in the first rank of the Encyclopaedist sect. He was not, like Voltaire, an intellectual swordsman of genius; nor had he anything of Diderot's fertility of idea or flash of inspiration. But he accomplished solid and influential work of much greater significance than the historians of thought have realised; and he was a lovable personality who served a great cause with generous devotion. Mr. Wickwar has painted a portrait of him which brings out clearly both the manner of man he was and the range of contribution he made. If his pages have a certain academic heaviness more typical (I hope) of America than of this country, they are accurate and sound. There is no book to rival it in its field.

And it makes plain, once more, that superb panorama of the French eighteenth century which no other spectacle can rival. Not merely the supreme Frenchmen pass across the horizon, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau; there are Hume and Adam Smith, Horace Walpole and Garrick for good measure. Few people will regret making the acquaintance of Naigeon than whom few more ingenious evaders of the censorship can be known, or the brave Jaucourt who sold his house to the printer of the Encyclopaedia lest its publication be interrupted by debt. Holbach was the centre of a great coterie which laboured, as few circles have ever laboured, for the intellectual liberation of mankind. In recounting the remarkable story of his organisation, Mr. Wickwar has at long last done justice to a noble man.

He gives us, also, a careful account of Holbach's philosophy. An atheist in religion, a materialist in metaphysics, a utilitarian, a conservative in fundamental political matters, Holbach as a thinker is notable rather for strong common sense than for any important profundities. It is clear enough that he arrived at his views by independent thought, though the close friend of Diderot could not have lacked stimulus in the direction he took. English readers will be particularly interested in the impact of English ideas upon him. In the religious sphere, this was important, though in the political he was one of the few impressive figures of his time to escape the prevalent Anglomania. He saw the evil of our political corruption, the errors of our colonial policy. The English illogic depressed him; with German thoroughness he disliked our passion for compromise. In recounting his views Mr. Wickwar gives him a higher place than I should myself feel inclined to do; but he never fails to make him an interesting personality.

Not the least interesting part of this book is its valuable contribution to Holbachian bibliography. This is one of the most tangled skeins in the web of eighteenth century literature. The censorship meant evasion, and Holbach, with good reason enough, was a past master in that art. Mr. Wickwar has given us an admirable account of the great clandestine machinery he utilised, much of it as amusing as it was ingenious; and there is no student of the period but will be grateful for his list of Holbach's writings in which he gives for the first time an exhaustive account of what Holbach himself wrote and what he took from his precursors. It is significant to note that many of his works were translated into English by men like Richard Carlile. We owe more of our intellectual freedom than we care to admit to the courage of working men.

H. J. LASKI

LEARNING, VIRTUE, AND RELIGION

Education. By J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. "In My Time" Series. *Rich and Cowan.* 6*s.*

There are plenty of histories of English education in existence, and more than enough essays on the aims and ideals of our teaching. For the most part they exude a sweet odour of optimism and contentment, and are read by students in training colleges and by hardly anyone else. They usually stop before 1910. Owing to the general lack of interest in education in this country few people who are not teachers have the remotest idea of what is happening to the schools, and even teachers rarely know anything about conditions in types of schools other than their own. A general stocktaking is necessary, and in this book we are briefly given it.

Mr. Whitehouse has been an educational worker in three slums,

——————————AND ON THIS.

HAMLET

There are plenty of Governesses to-day. In each of the last four years the number of posts filled by the Employment Department of the G.B.I. has increased. The Governess to-day is essentially human—a student of psychology—moulding the putty—shaping character.

But do people realise? — Herself young, she spends her life in the service of Youth. It is Youth that counts to-day. Youth can repay its debt.

For what of her? Regarded as 'too old' at 45—50, with school age affecting girls as well as boys, she has a series of short places only. She has supported her parent and has hardly begun to save. She is too old and unqualified for another profession—and has twenty years to wait for the O.A.P.

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a would-be reformer in Parliament, and is now Warden of Bembridge—an intelligent public school. The width of his experience is unusual, and he can speak as one having authority.

He begins with a short account of the legislation which has produced our Elementary School system, and then moves rapidly to the Fisher Act, the Hadow Report, and the Unemployment Act of 1934. We are told concisely how great opportunities have been lost, and how cheap compromises have been substituted for any generous scheme of reorganisation. He believes in the raising of the school-leaving age, and consequently condemns Central schools, Juvenile Instruction Centres and Continuation Schools. They are indeed face-saving half-solutions of a great problem. Teachers in both elementary and secondary schools will agree that there is insufficient co-ordination between the two systems, and that the method of transferring pupils from one to the other by a scholarship examination is inefficient. Our educational ladder about which so many people are complacent is scathingly dealt with here, and the pretence that it is possible to decide "whether a boy is fitted to profit from a secondary education" when he is only eleven years old is rightly denounced as rubbish. Mr. Whitehouse says that our "system" is a ladder when it ought to be a highway. As a recent climber I would describe it as a game of snakes and ladders with more snakes than ladders. He expressed admiration for the ideals of the common school of America, and although he does not refer to them, he has much in common with the leaders of the Ecole Unique movement in France.

Pungent things are said on fagging, religion, and the O.T.C. in public schools, but the criticism is always sane, well-informed and completely free from cant. There is no crank's panacea for sale in this book. Mr. Whitehouse derives his ideas from Ruskin, Wells, Dr. Jacks, and practical experience. None of them are new in theory, but few are being practised in fact. Manual work, physical training, and drawing are allowed for in most school syllabuses, but they are given little time and tend to be treated as extras to be dropped when examinations approach. The appreciation of music or of painting is rarely encouraged. Few schools, too, are willing to give boys time and opportunity to discuss public questions. The "no politics" rule has something to be said for it, but there is a real need that the adolescent should be given protective critical machinery for dealing with newspapers and other liars.

Speech Day orators who are tired of explaining that character matters more than intellect are recommended to read this book. They will find plenty of sensible things in it to disagree with.

FREDERICK LAWS

GEORGE BARKER

Janus. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Barker's purpose has not been to arrange in a neat seven-and-sixpenny pattern the superficial phenomena of Life, as it is manifest in the newspapers. He has taken a dominant mood, a characteristic stance in relation to experience, and converted it into an imaginative prose which conveys all the implications and turns and specific gestures of the personality. In the first novel he draws the progression of a character towards death, and in the second he traces the development and overturning of madness. To achieve this he uses almost exclusively the device of subjective monologue: not the stream of consciousness, but of self-conversation, a prodigious soliloquy, a kind of overheard confession or instantaneous diary. Mr. Barker maintains a level of intensity which few writers attempt in more than short periods. With the furniture of narrative he has largely dispensed; what he retains is skilfully integrated into the general texture, without clogging or impeding his freedom of movement. His sentences are all coloured by, or concentrated on, the main objective. He broods, like an obsessed mind, over his situation, until he has drawn out of it every dramatic possibility. He possesses moreover a rich vocabulary, and this he sometimes maltreats horribly. The way in which a very ornate, fastidious language is made to reflect a barely controllable, hectic emotion, gives his novels a strange air of hallucination. The price of success is a frequent breakdown into Shandean contortions of language and the stagey devices of a too-romantic diablerie. His awful love of participles and home-made Latin compounds leads to turgidity and a hot, sticky swamp of words. It is a style, more than most, that invites caricature.

Nevertheless it is a *style*, a truly specific calligraphy. Mr. Barker may be justly accused of ranting, of euphuistic excess, of splashing the purple too thickly from a sheer delight in the splash. He is at times guilty of forcing up the temperature by any means, in order to reach a supernatural atmosphere. But the feeling within the words is never commonplace or pale. The cumulative impact is confident, exact and concentrated.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND THE SAVAGE

The Dream in Primitive Cultures. By DR. J. STEWARD LINCOLN. *Cresset Press.* 18s.

Dr. Lincoln has collected together an immense amount of material from anthropologists, explorers, and other writers who have recorded dreams told them by savages, in all parts of the world. He has also included with a somewhat vague use of the term "primitive," accounts of dreams from modern Indians, ancient Persians and Egyptians. The third section of his book consists of native texts from North American Indians, where among the Navajo, Woodlands, Kwakuitl and other tribes the dream is regarded by the native as one of the most important experiences of his life, being the actual determinant of a career among the Crow Indians. All this material of parallel cultures is extremely interesting, including as it does actual field-work by Dr. Lincoln among the Navajos.

All these accounts are arranged to show that dream and myth are closely connected, indeed are part of the same mental processes; that in primitive societies myth, ceremony, magic, medicine, almost every cultural aspect of life, more often than not arise from dreams, and are invariably reflected in dreams. The importance of fantasy to the primitive mind is convincingly stressed, and the large part played by dreams either "induced" or "individual" in the formation of culture. Certainly most anthropologists would agree that the widespread pattern of myth, legend and dream is psychologically significant in the formation and spread of culture. Dr. Lincoln goes farther than this. He concludes that "only by getting at the latent meaning of the dream can we understand anything of the nature of primitive culture." He therefore uses a Freudian table of symbols to arrive at this latent

Amiable and woolly

reader, we have decided, as this is, according to those who say they are in a position to know, the season of good will And All That, to accede to your requests, urgent and uncomplimentary as they are, and to reveal the writer of these advertisements which, it may surprise you to know, have sold books. The writer is not a girl disappointed in love, but a wholly mythical young man called John Bull. He respects neither chastity nor the sanctity of contracts, and lives in Claridge's Hotel on Moscow gold. From these depths he surveys the world with anything but an impartial eye; and attempts—with some success it seems—to act as a censor of what you should read. At present (and this is where we get serious) he is writing a book for us—a 1936 edition of *Merrie England*. We haven't asked Mr. Blatchford's permission yet, so maybe the book won't be called that—not that there's a copyright in titles—but we have bet him one rouble that we will sell a quarter of a million copies of it. J.B. has promised to deliver the manuscript to us by the end of this month, but, in view of his lack of respect for the sanctity of contracts, we shall be surprised if we get it. When we do get it we shall hurry it out at top speed. If you would like to help us find out the sort of orders we are likely to get for it, will you go place an order with your bookseller, or with anybody else's bookseller if you feel that way. It would be a great help to us, and maybe you could thus get a copy cheaper than you think. The book won't cost more than 1s.; and if there are enough orders it will cost less. Of course, it'll be worth a lot more than that.

Meanwhile, the Editor adds, the new issue of *The Eye* (No. 3) is ready, a double number, with a whole page of GAZETTE, a complete list of our publications, a page of Rhondda photographs and usual features (1½d. post free). Excellent guide to the bookshops.

1936, our Calendar, is going well (2s.). Stalin's *Three Speeches* (3d.) make a cheap yet handsome Christmas card in accord with the times.

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NONESUCH NEWS

★ BLAKE'S NOTE-BOOK ★

is the first (collotype) facsimile of the *Rossetti MS.*—a note-book used by Blake for sketches, first drafts of poems, epigrams, personal notes, etc. The MS. contains such important works as *The Everlasting Gospel*, many of the *Songs of Experience* and drawings for *The Gates of Paradise*, *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, etc. Geoffrey Keynes has supplied a transcription of the text and a list of drawings. The result is that the reader is now able to inherit a remarkable intimacy with Blake in all his moods. Price 35s.

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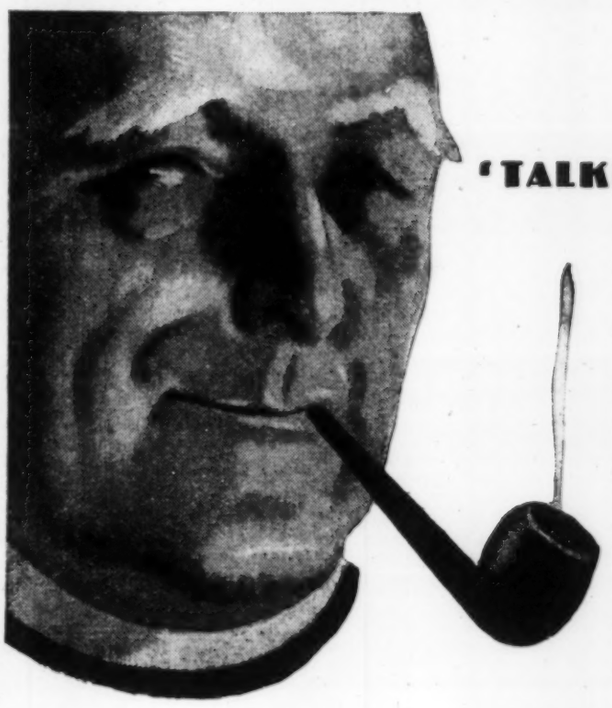

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496

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meaning, and shows that the same symbols and types occur in primitive dreams as in the dreams of modern Europeans who have been psycho-analysed. With the enormous range and scope that can be given to these symbols, it is not difficult to believe that both Europeans and savages dream much the same things, if we reduce all symbols to the five primary ideas of self, family, birth, love and death. Dr. Lincoln sees that there is no need therefore to postulate Freud's "inherited racial unconscious" to account for the workings of the human mind being the same all the world over. But when Dr. Lincoln goes on to show that all dreams and myths are different expressions of "the Oedipus complex," those who are not convinced psycho-analysts must pause.

Many fascinating vistas of thought and investigation are opened up, such as the function of institutionalised dreams, or the origins of totemism. Dr. Lincoln states that totems originate in dreams, but cause and effect are very obscure here, for does not the dream arise from the need for a totem, rather than the need from the dream? The explanation of totemism is not therefore attempted. Certainly there is truth in Dr. Lincoln's main conclusion that primitive societies have institutionalised in dance, song, myth, magic and rite those anti-social tendencies which among us lead to neuroses. The mechanism whereby primitive man diverts into harmless ceremony the dangerous, selfish and anti-social instincts of the individual, is indeed fascinating to psychologists. But whether psycho-analysis can explain the foundations of culture by the Procrustean bed of dreams, is indeed another matter.

The writing is neither fluent nor literary, and the punctuation is most erratic and unscientific; but the bibliography, index and references are all complete and good, as befits a thesis for the Ph.D. of London University, in which this book originated.

AGNES DREW

ERUDITION IN THE MASS

Middle-class Culture in Elizabethan England. By LOUIS B. WRIGHT. *Oxford University Press.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

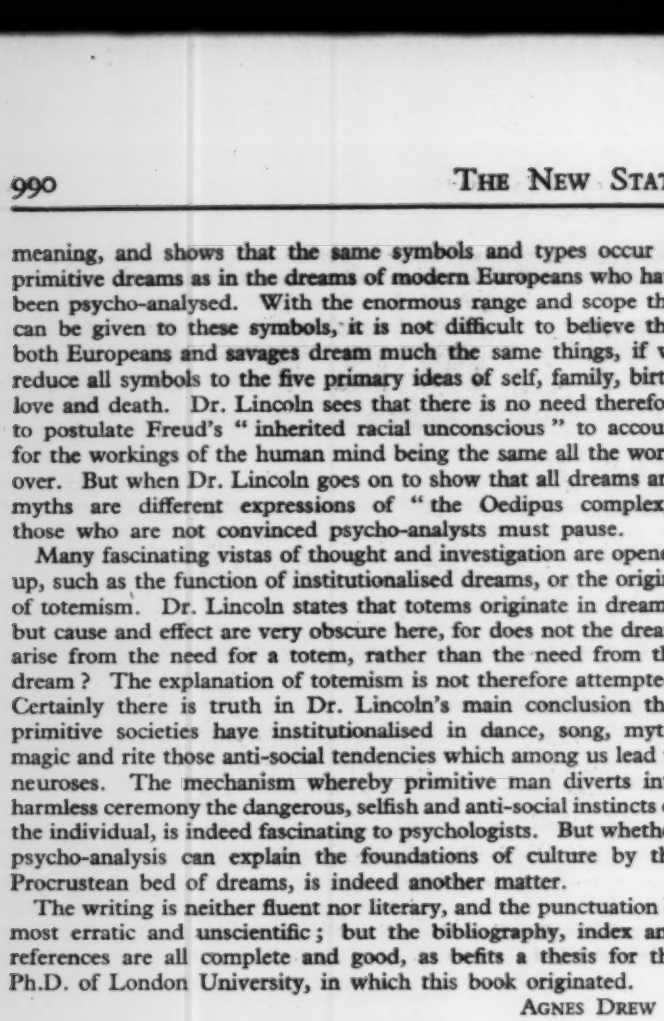
Most literary students of the Elizabethans know the London citizen only as a monstrous cross between Quomodo and Drugger on the one side, and the Four Prentices on the other. Here is a book which, by examining the literature written to the people, for the people, and, for the most part, by the people, attempts to picture a truer type than either the astute usurers and aspiring blockheads of Middleton and Jonson or Heywood's heroic tradesmen-champions.

The first thing that strikes the reader of Mr. Wright's work is the extraordinary extent and variety of Middle-class Culture in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Those who have hitherto been comfortably convinced of the illiteracy of the People until recent times must be staggered at sight of the cornucopia of sermons, songs, handbooks to proficiency in every conceivable art and employment, current news, old romances, travel-books, jest-books, "and a hundred trim-trams mo," offered by the Elizabethan presses for the citizen's reading.

The difficulty, in dealing with such a vast mass of material, is to reduce it to an order which will display to best advantage both the evidence and its implications. Mr. Wright is not altogether successful. His research has been, as the wrapper declares, exhaustive, and he records it too fully. A classification according to fine shades of attitude and subject is too piecemeal and indefinite an ordering to present his overwhelming multitude of examples in any clear perspective; among so many, the constant oscillation from early example to late, from Elizabethan to Caroline and back again, is bewildering. Above all, there is no thread of general theory to hold these countless beads together. Each section is employed merely to reveal a trait in the citizen; and the conclusion does little more than argue the connection between the "ideologies" of the modern, and of the Elizabethan, bourgeois.

These faults in the book may be owing to the terms of Research Fellowships, which encourage piecemeal publication of work in progress and the inclusion in the final production of the maximum results; they are very far from destroying its value. The book-titles alone would make good reading, for the verve and vigour of Elizabethan journalism are at their best in headlines, and Mr. Wright has collected some admirable specimens. Merely as a Long-Title Catalogue, with instructive and intriguing notes, the book is invaluable. And at the end of all there does emerge a very real picture of the Elizabethan tradesman, with his gospel of work and thrift, his pathetic belief in learning as the panacea for economic ills, his insatiable appetite for tales romantic and cautionary, his civic pride, and his amazing power of swallowing sermons. The painting of such a portrait is a task worth the doing.

RICHARD DAVID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SHORTER NOTICES

Emil and the Three Twins. By ERICH KÄSTNER. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Two years ago Michael, then aged seven and very "advanced" for his age, was given *Emil and the Detectives* for Christmas. After reading it he remarked judicially that he considered it the greatest book ever written. He will not be too old for *Emil and the three Twins*, for Emil Kästner tells a good story without condescension. Sophisticated grown-ups will not be bored reading it aloud. It must be admitted, however, that the sequel is not up to the standard of the original *Emil*. It is episodic and not so fresh; it does not read as a single story which the author was just longing to tell. In *Emil and the three Twins* we have all the same characters a little older; they go to the sea and have adventures. Sergeant Jeschke, who once caught Emil painting a statue, proves a likeable fellow and asks permission to marry Emil's mother. This is a theme for much pleasant sentiment both at the beginning and end of the book.

All About Reptiles and Batrachians. By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is a pity that Mr. Berridge does not write as well as he photographs, for the text that accompanies these 134 splendid illustrations is verbose and inelegant. But it will pass; the matter is fascinating. Here we can learn all about the inhabitants of the Reptile House—nowadays one of the most interesting places in the Zoo. We are told not only about snakes and frogs and alligators, but also about sea serpents, skinks, geckos, chameleons and salamanders. Finally, we are instructed about the pros and cons of keeping reptiles as pets. For ourselves we are torn between buying our small nephew a baby crocodile or an axolotl.

Little Flowers of St. Pancras. By HUGH TALBOT. *Dent.* 5*s.*

"Hugh Talbot" is the nom de plume of the author of *Gentlemen, the Regiment* and *Gay Pagan*, who under his own name is the headmaster of an important preparatory school. Twice during recent summers he and his wife have entertained at their country home a dozen children from the slums, and in this little book he tells us the story of one of these visits. He tells it brightly and humorously, but for all the lightness of its telling it is a sad story. For the children taken from the poorest homes with one exception seem to have been so dull witted, that it is

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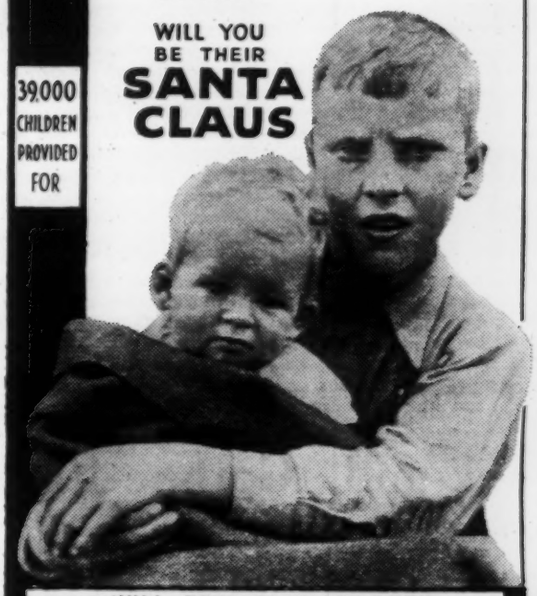

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difficult to recognise in them the typical Cockney urchin—the exception being one small girl of seven, whose elfin beauty appears to have been lit by a spirit of precocious wickedness. The children were given various treats and mixed, so far as they could mix, with their host's children; but it is clear that a fortnight's contact with civilisation was insufficient to mend even temporarily the neglect of years. If St. Pancras raises many such flowers, it should provide a fruitful field for a mission to teach the children to play.

The Complete Wine Book. By FRANK SCHOONMAKER and TOM MARVEL. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There have been many books of late on wine, but none, in English at least, quite so good as this. It has, indeed, had the signal honour of being awarded the Grand Prix Annuel of the Academie de Vin de France. It combines wide and minute knowledge with common sense, and even your teetotaller, if he is not a fanatic, should find agreeable reading in it. It covers all the vine growing countries of Europe (and mentions, with the polite brevity which is their due, the British Dominions); it appraises justly the great wines and the fine wines and the *ordinaires*, and tells of their history, their making and their relative merits; it has something to say also on brandy and liqueurs, and on that art which is so little known in this country, the use of wine in the kitchen. Messrs. Schoonmaker and Marvel, like all connoisseurs who are not snobs or idiots, of course do some "debunking" (of Napoleon brandy, for example), and they do not suggest that no wine is drinkable that costs less than half a guinea a bottle. They give sound practical advice about cellarage—or what for most of us in these days has to pass for cellarage—and about how wine should be served and drunk. A series of appendices contains, among other things, a full list of the principal growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy, and a tabulation of the good, poor and mediocre vintage years.

Week-end Competitions

No. 301

Set by V. S. Pritchett

All traces of information regarding the significance of English Christmas customs having been lost in the destruction of civilisation, write a future anthropologist's interpretation of them with notes on our habits of life and our environment in not more than about 400 words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 27.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 299

Set by Roger Marvell

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a General Knowledge paper. Answers to be given and entries not to exceed 400 words.

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¶ GERALD HOWE LTD are proud to have published: 'How You Began,' a child's introduction to biology (Amabel Williams-Ellis, 1928) *5th impression* 2s 6d; 'Science and Religion,' the broadcast symposium (1931), *11th thousand*, 2s 6d (paper 1s); 'The Prospects of Humanism' (Lawrence Hyde, 1931) *2nd impression* 10s 6d; 'This is Norway' (Lingstrom, 1933) *2nd edition in preparation* 5s; 'An Approach to Choral Speech' (Mona Swann, 1934) 3s 6d, and other books of permanent value.

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Report by Roger Marvell

I want to give the prize to Dr. Stephen Gaselee, but he maintains that his entry is invalid, because he published it twelve years ago in the Magdalene College Magazine. For this reason, he says, he has not troubled to give the answers. So I suppose I cannot recommend him for the prize. But with due acknowledgments to the Magdalene Magazine, I shall give myself the pleasure of copying out his paper.

What is the cube of $\beta - \gamma$?
How did Lucrece to Tarquin's suit reply?
Who was Esquemeling? Where Essequibo?
Give the imperative of εἶμι (*ibo*).
What sort of tongue is Malayālam? Say
How Malagasy differs from Malay.
Turn in to German *baiser, vrai plaisir,*
And into French *wir wollen trinken Bier.*
Where is Rosetta? Do we rightly know
Roseires' distance from Rosario?
Distinguish cryptogams from cryptograms:
Say what is "better than the fat of rams."
How many carbon atoms are there in
The ring-like molecule of nicotine?
Construct the parallelogram of forces
Enumerate mid-China's water-courses.
Finish your paper by an essay. Choose
One from these three. *The first:* expound your views
On economic rent. *The second:* trade
Follows the flag. *The third:* are poets born or made?

H. C. Riddell sends a most amusing example of the questions usually asked, and received, at prep. schools. Alice Herbert makes the competition an excuse for letting off some rocketing epigrams: "What is marriage?" "The long look after the leap." "What is parenthood?" "Responsibility without authority." "What are 'gentlemen'?" "A race that has vanished down the steps of public lavatories."

The serious entries have made me painfully conscious of my own ignorance. L. A. Gostling, for instance, asks what animal runs better uphill than downhill? And the answer is a hare, because its back legs are longer than its front ones. I suppose everyone ought to know that—I did not. Ian McGlashan asks what species of tree lives longest, and what moth squeaks. (The Sequoia and the Death's Head). M. Snow sends in a very good, terribly difficult, paper. Thus he asks what character in Jane Austen had the same birthday as the present Prince of Wales. The answer is Harriet Smith. But then he gives the answer "as A in black" to the question "How is the vowel in dance, grass, basket, etc., pronounced?" The answer is true, but as far as it goes not true enough, for a professional pantodidact. What Mr. Snow means, I suppose, is "how *ought* it to be pronounced?" And here we are in the world not of knowledge but of morals, and it was not a catechism for which I asked.

The two best entries, apart from Dr. Gaselee's, are sent by William Bliss and J. H. G. Gibbs, and after some hesitation I recommend the latter for first prize, because the range of knowledge required by his paper is slightly broader. Mr. Bliss then gets the second prize. I suggest that the answers to the questions be not published till next week, so that readers may test their knowledge without any temptation to be dishonest. I also hope and pray that the answers provided by the prize-winners are correct. I have had already to play schoolmaster, and put right the spelling of one name in Mr. Bliss' entry, and of two in Mr. Gibbs's.

FIRST PRIZE

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER

1. What Cathedrals are dedicated to S. Front, S. Magnus, S. Vitus, S. Gudule?

2. To what arts or sciences do the following terms belong—corm, entasis, ectasis, tempera, scruple, gybe, gyron, estoppel, agio, monad?

3. Who married Zenocrate, Xanthippe, Torfrida, Igrayne, Elizabeth Sydenham, Elizabeth Linley, Harriet Westbrook?

4. Where are or were the following coins current—att, mohur, as, litas, stiver, soldo?

5. Who were called Gloriana, the Campeador, Le Balafré, Volpone, the Seraphic Doctor, Old Wicked Shifts, Le bel Anglais?

6. What do you understand by Clan Diarmaid, the Pnyx, Rosinante, the Escorial, Durandal?

7. To whom or what do the following refer:
   (*a*) Primus in Indis.
   (*b*) Blind Maeonides.
   (*c*) And her attendants absent swallowed fire.
   (*d*) Tax not the royal saint with vain expense.
   (*e*) See the conquering hero comes.
   (*f*) Who's your fat friend?

8. Explain in not over six words each teraphim, choriambus, gesso, incunabula, mugwumps.

9. In what books by what authors are the following found: Meg Dods, Mrs. Gummidge, Planchet, Salvation Yeo, Modestine, Mme. de Warens, Sylvia Balance?

10. Who wrote Pills to Purge Melancholy, Eothen, Euphues, The

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(The Rt. Hon. Lord Dawson of Penn, Vice-Chairman, British Empire Cancer Campaign, at the Annual General Meeting.)

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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Chairman: Sir Selwyn Fremantle.
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★ Ask for Glyn, he gives useful advice on Marxist reading.

Frogs, The Lusiad, Rasselas, Candide, The Roof, The Golden Ass, The Pied Piper?

11. What happened 490B.C., 323B.C., A.D.622, 1453, 1571, 1789?

J. H. G. GIBBS

SECOND PRIZE

1. GENERAL.

Who or what was, or is, respectively:

Moloch, Julian the Apostate, Hudibras, Childe Roland, Pruffles, Nausicaa, Peter the Hermit, "the envious Casca," "the Admirable Crichton," "The efficient Baxter," "the sea-green Incorruptible," "the ventripotent Mulatto," Bohemond, Duns Scotus, Consuelo, The Benicia Boy, Planchet, Panurge, Peregrine Pickle, Father Holt, the Sicilian Vespers, the *Treuga Dei*, the Plimsoll line, the Wallace line, Cloud-cuckoo-land, the Battle of the Spurs, *La Dive Bouteille*, Old Utis, Olivier le Dain, The Cathari, The Chartists, The Day of Dupes, Clos Vougeot, Blue Vinney?

2. LITERARY.

Who wrote:

Ars Amatoria, The Story of my Heart, the Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, the Rejected Addresses, Leonidas, Polyolbion, Underwoods, the Farmer's Boy, The Castle of Otranto, Castle Rackrent, Maid Marian, Lamia, The New Republic, Tetrachordon, Sister Songs, The Battle of the Books, Lovel the Widower, the Bon Gaultier Ballads, The Faithful Shepherdess, The Purple Island, Ile des Pingouins, Annus Mirabilis, Moll Flanders, Epipsychidion, Steps to the Temple.

WILLIAM BLISS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 156.—FOR FOOTBALL FANS

The six teams in the Reptilian League finished in the following order: (1) the Crocodiles, (2) the Pythons, (3) the Adders, (4) the Monitors, (5) the Cobras, (6) the Alligators. Each had played one match against each of the others. Positions were determined by points scored, on the usual basis of two points for a win, one point for a draw; where points scored were equal, positions were determined by goal average.*

The most curious feature of the League contest was that only eight goals were scored in all.

The last match played was between the Adders and the Pythons. Much depended on this match. If the Adders had scored one goal more they would have taken second place. On the other hand, if the scores in the match had been reversed, the Adders would have gone to the bottom of the table.

Construct the League table, showing the score in each of the fifteen matches played.

* *Goal average* is obtained by dividing goals scored *for* by goals scored *against*. Thus a team which has scored 3 goals against 2 has a better goal-average than a team which has scored 5 against 4.

PROBLEM 154.—THE DAREDEVILS

Dear, dear! I thought this was an easy one. There are two references to EIGHT in the Daredevils' manifesto, while OCTENNARY was intended to suggest the word OCTONARY. So it did—to about half a dozen solvers.

Take the cipher and keep on dividing by eight:

8 / 1545355
8 / 193169 + 3
8 / 24146 + 1
8 / 3018 + 2
8 / 377 + 2
8 / 47 + 1
5 + 7

Transliterate:

3	1	2	2	1	7	5
C	A	B	B	A	G	E

which is the required password.

PROBLEM 153.—WRONG NUMBER

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: John Stead, 34 St. John's Park, Blackheath, S.E.3.

CHRISTMAS

My best wishes to all solvers and sincere thanks to those who have sent friendly messages to me.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

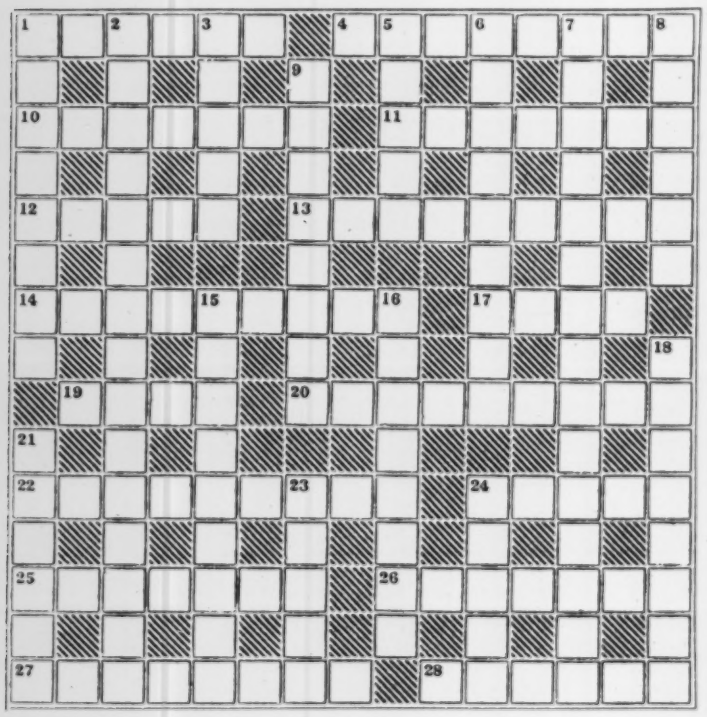
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 302

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Tuesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
H. M. Hart, Hill House, 2 Hill Road, N.W.8.

ACROSS

1. Most children hope that 2 will make them so talented.
4. He pushes his hunter in the van.
10. Things are so taken till paid for.
11. Are lids made in astral form?
12. Provided the flour for the plum pudding.
13. State of having missed the Christmas dinner.
14. One of the people love laughs at.
17. Not suitable for this season unless it drops.
19. Place where we share alike in parts.
20. The Duke's Christmas dinner could not be this, even if he omitted to give thanks for it.
22. We have all been urged to do this for Christmas.
24. Christmas without the Southern Railway and the Sergeant-Major.
25. Doesn't take a beating silently.
26. Finished up round about Ur.
27. All together, as we hope to be for Christmas.
28. How one is apt to feel on a 16.

DOWN

1. To men most seasonable.
2. His mission might be said to be one of fulfilment.
3. "Who might be your mother,
That you insult, —,
and all at once,
Over the wretched?"
5. One thing most of us have had to make during the Christmas rush.
6. Those who help themselves so sparingly should at any rate avoid being 28 afterwards.
7. Cheering multiplication.
8. Saucy enjoyment we hope you'll have for Christmas fare.
9. Present hanging matter.
15. We probably shan't have this part of the house inside after dinner on Wednesday.
16. You'd expect it under a leaden sky.
18. "Resting weary limbs at last on beds of ——"
21. Turn the taps on him.
23. Russian river anywhere in the country.
24. Where a woman in man's clothes said 3.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	F	O	R	E	S	T	O	F	A	R	D	E	N	■
G	■	R	■	Y	■	Y	■	O	■	E	■	N	■	H
R	I	D	G	E	■	B	I	R	D	S	■	A	L	E
E	■	E	■	S	■	A	■	M	■	P	■	C	■	N
E	A	R	S	■	G	L	O	U	C	E	S	T	E	R
N	■	■	■	C	■	T	■	L	■	C	■	■	■	Y
W	A	R	B	L	E	■	C	A	S	T	A	N	E	T
O	■	U	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	F	■	A	■	H
O	V	E	R	A	W	E	D	■	P	U	R	P	L	E
D	■	■	■	N	■	S	■	U	■	L	■	■	■	F
T	O	U	C	H	S	T	O	N	E	■	N	I	S	I
R	■	N	■	A	■	O	■	L	■	A	■	X	■	F
E	G	G	■	N	U	R	S	E	■	D	R	I	F	T
E	■	U	■	D	■	E	■	S	■	A	■	O	■	H
■	O	M	I	S	T	R	E	S	S	M	I	N	E	■

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI. **Fritzi.** Dec. 26, 27 & W. & S.

ALDWYCH. **The Dominant Sex.** Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. **Tulip Time.** Mats. Daily from Boxing Day to Jan. 4.

APOLLO. **Espionage.** Wed. & Sat. & Dec. 26.

COLISEUM. **"Twenty to One."** Wed. & Sat.

DALY'S. **"Tread Softly."** Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. **Night Must Fall.** W., S. & Dec. 26.

GARRICK. **Buckie's Bears.** Daily 2 & 5.

GLOBE. **"Call It a Day."** Thurs. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. **Please Teacher!** Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. **Tovarich.** Wed., Th., & Dec. 26, 27, 28.

MERCURY. **Murder in the Cathedral.** S., Th.

PHOENIX. **The Limping Man.** Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. **"Mary Tudor."** Th. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. **"Short Story."** W., Sat. & Dec. 26.

S. JAMES'S. **Two Mrs. Carrolls.** W., S. & Dec. 26

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues., Fri. & Boxing Day.
Distinguished Gathering.

STRAND. **1066 and All That.** Dec. 26, 27, 28.

WESTMINSTER. Boxing Day, Thurs. and Sat.
The Impresario From Smyrna.

WHITEHALL. **Anthony & Anna.** W.S. & 26th.

WYNDHAM'S. **Sweet Aloes.** W., S. & Dec. 26.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. To-night, Fri. 8, subs. 8.30. Tem. 7611.
First Mat., Dec. 26, 2.30. Extra Mat. Dec. 27 & W. S., 2.30.
The new Parisian Musical Play
FRITZI. ROSALINDE FULLER, LESLIE FRENCH.

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
THE TALK OF LONDON. (SECOND YEAR.)
EXTRA MATS., DEC. 26 & 27 at 2.30.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Matinees Daily, 2.30, from Boxing Day.
TULIP TIME. A Comedy with Music.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3. Whitehall 2525.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663).
Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production,
ESPIONAGE.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE FUNNIEST MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE EVER STAGED.
10s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 6s., 4s., 3s. 6d., 3s., 1s. 6d., incl. Tax.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
EXTRA MATS., DEC. 26, 28, JAN. 1 & 4.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 225 PERFORMANCES.

DALY'S. Ger. 2157. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Extra Xmas Mats., Dec. 26, 27, 28.
"TREAD SOFTLY."
YVONNE ARNAUD. RONALD SQUIRE.

DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
First Performance Christmas Eve at 7.30.
Boxing Day and onward Twice Daily at 2 o'clock & 7.45.
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN.

DUCHESS. 8.30. (except 23, 24, 25)
and Box. Day, 2.30. EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL.
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GARRICK. Tem. Bar 8713. BOOK NOW.
Alma Taylor, Frank Freeman, Harold Clayton in
BUCKIE'S BEARS
BOXING DAY and TWICE DAILY, 2 and FIVE p.m.

GLOBE, Ger. 1592. 8.15 sharp. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
Extra Holiday Mats. every Wed. commencing Jan. 1st.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Daily at 2.15.
ITALIA CONTI Production.
25th YEAR. SILVER JUBILEE of
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
Pop. Prices. Box Office (Hol. 9617) and all Libraries.

KINGSWAY. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. HOL. 4032.
"RIVALS!" A LIGHT OPERA.
Produced by Vladimir Rosing.
"A VERY BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE SHOW."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.
Closed Dec. 23, 24. Mats., Dec. 26, 27, 28.

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
To-day, at 2.30 & 8.30.
Not Dec. 23, 24, 25, but Twice Daily Dec. 26, 27, 28,
and every Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30 and 8.30.
50th performance Jan 1 (Matinee).
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist
now to be seen in England."—*Times.*

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611.
EVGS. at 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
THE SENSATIONAL MYSTERY THRILLER,
THE LIMPING MAN.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR"
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

QUEEN'S, Ger. 4517–8. 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Closed Dec. 23, 24, 25. Mat., Boxing Day, 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, SYBIL THORNDIKE,
A. E. MATTHEWS in
"SHORT STORY."

ST. JAMES'S. (Whitehall 3903).
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
FRANK VOSPER in (Tem. 1443).
DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30. (Tem. 8888.)
EXTRA MATINEE BOXING DAY.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. Now in its 3rd Year.
ROBERT HARRIS. MACKENZIE WARD.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660). 8.30 (except 23, 24, 25).
Mats., Dec. 26, 27, 28, 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. Vic. 0283.
6s. to 1s. 4d. Res.
Mon. 8.30 (subs. 8.45). Mats., Box. Day, Th. & S., 2.30.
THE GROUP THEATRE present
THE IMPRESARIO FROM SMYRNA
and A NEW HARLEQUINADE in the Italian Manner.

WHITEHALL. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. WED., SAT. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. *NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.*
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory
8.30 (except Dec. 23, 24, 25). Wed., Sat. & 26th, 2.30.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
PAULA WESSELY (of "Maskerade" fame) in
"EPISODE" (A).
(Open Xmas Day, 5.30. Boxing Day, 1 p.m.).

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next, Dec. 23rd, for Six Days.
LENI RIEFENSTAHL in
THE BLUE LIGHT (U).
The Theatre Closes on Christmas Day.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings 8. Thursday & Friday, 2.30. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson.
(No performance Dec. 23rd.)

LIVERPOOL **Playhouse.**
Evenings 7.45. Sat., 2.30.
The Wind and the Rain.
By Merton Hodge.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings, 7.30. Mats. Dec. 26th & 28th, Jan. 1st, 2.15.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Dec. 26–Jan. 11. Daily 2.30 & 7.45.
Sinbad the Sailor. By Margaret Carter.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

RESTAURANTS

IF you are within eating distance go to RULES for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (since 1780).

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

PERSONAL

EDUCATIONAL and Remedial Exercises. Specialist in health and growth of children—available private consultation. Twelve years experience progressive schools. Box 981, N.S. & N., 10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A SKETCHING class under the direction of ROMILLY FEDDEN will be held in PORTUGAL during the winter months. Excellent and very reasonable hotel accommodation. For all particulars address MR. ROMILLY FEDDEN, Chantemesle, Par Vetheuil, S. et O., France.

STUDENT wants partial board, with young people. Box 1003, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OPPORTUNITY for intelligent sympathetic woman (in Literature, etc., or violinist) to share small quiet home in Welwyn Garden City; in exchange for sharing housekeeping work, except rough; cookery mainly vegetarian; meals at cost. Family: father and daughter (artist), travelled, linguists. Box 1007, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KENYA offers a delightful home, with good social amenities and sport, in healthy climate, to the man with moderate capital, or with an income on which life would be difficult in England. Further information from COLONEL KNAGGS, Kenya Agent, Dept. 4, East African Office, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2.

GO ABROAD
on an AU PAIR or INTERCHANGE basis. Further particulars ORGANISER, Au Pair & Interchange Association, Abford House, Victoria, S.W.1.

YOUNG Woman, university graduate, wants German conversation exchange English. Box 1006, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

STUDENT (18) seeks home in London. Box 1004, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

PARKFIELDS, WELWYN.
£620, or with garage £670. Charming modern semi-detached house in delightful surroundings. 3 mins. from Station (30 minutes King's Cross), Shops, Cinema, etc. Miles of open country all round; 3 bedrooms, living room, dining room, fitted kitchen, bathroom. Fuel store and large garden. Special purchase terms: deposit (including legal charges), £55 and weekly repayments of 26s. 1d. Write N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts, for full particulars.

IT IS A CURIOUS THING
that we should be the only people in England to provide a house that is *really* modern (by a leading architect), *really* in the country, yet only a few yards from station, cinema, shops, etc.; and *really* inexpensive, viz., DETACHED, from £750 freehold. Why not write, G. E. T., 7 Haroldslea Drive, Balcombe Road, Horley, Surrey? The Brighton-line trains are *really* luxurious and fast.

£1375 Sanderstead. Unusually well-built family freehold residence. Detached. 5 Bedrooms. Excellent reception rooms and fine panelled hall. Recently redecorated inside and out. Well stocked garden. Large garage. Several "extras" included. Bargain quick sale. Mortgage available. Ring J.R., Sanderstead 1368 or Holborn 3216. View any day including Sunday, or write 5 West Hill, Sanderstead.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE SILVER WAR—THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND MR. BALDWIN—WALL STREET, UNITED GAS PREFERRED, AND ELECTRIC POWER AND LIGHT PREFERRED—DR. EINZIG AND THE FRANC

It is highly probable that some modification of the Silver Purchase Act will be introduced in the next session of Congress. President Roosevelt will have to meet the fury of the silver senators. Will he attempt to maintain a fixed price for domestic silver and at the same time to escape from the obligation to go on purchasing silver up to 25 per cent. of the monetary stocks? Now that the Chinese and Hongkong Governments can unload, if they want, stocks of silver estimated at 350 million ounces, the President is naturally anxious to avoid appearing before Congress as the silver playboy of a sterling world. The American Treasury is already scaling down its purchases abroad—the London price has now fallen by 6*d*. to 1*s*. 11*d*.—and is said to be negotiating direct with China for a silver purchase agreement. One of the American "experts" is reported to have said: "The present episode demonstrates the worthlessness of the so-called precious metal when it is robbed of its monetary value. What is now likely to happen to the Canadian and Mexican silver mining industries can also happen to the South African gold mining industry whenever we choose to remove the 35 dollar-an-ounce peg." This is plain nonsense, because whereas the American Government is the only buyer of silver in unlimited quantities, there are many Governments who are big buyers of gold—even Governments which have suspended the gold standard. If the dollar peg for gold is removed, there is the franc peg left. While I agree that the gold standard is a racket, the defection of the American Treasury would not bring about its collapse. In the meantime Washington seems determined to demonstrate the folly of its own silver policy and infuriate its silver producers in order to spite the British Government and prejudice the Chinese currency reform. Why should we ever talk of stabilisation?

* * *

It is wonderful to observe the calm of the stock markets in London in the face of a grave political crisis at home and the perpetually grave condition abroad. The Stock Exchange appears to be divided into two camps—first, those who naively believe that Mr. Baldwin is an honest, wise, pipe-smoking old gentleman who has only to let the House of Commons into his confidence to obtain an overwhelming vote of support, and secondly, those who believe that Mr. Baldwin is a crafty old politician who has always disliked the League of Nations and can be relied upon to keep this country out of war at whatever cost to honour. Both points of view tend to prevent selling and to induce buying on the first flash of good or dishonourable news. No one appears to reflect that while this Government has sacrificed prestige and leadership it has not yet averted the possibility of war. Perhaps the events of the past week will begin to undermine the confidence of the investor in the National Government. This is important, for it is confidence in the National Government which bolsters up the gilt-edged market, which supports the market in British industrial equity shares (particularly cement and brick), and which feeds the capital market with new issues. I cannot imagine a more critical time for the British investor.

* * *

Wall Street has been highly irregular, partly because it is still afraid of European liquidation, partly because the collapse in silver brought in liquidation of mining shares, partly because it is the end of the year and profits not realised now will be more heavily taxed in 1936, partly because a temporary recession in business early in the New Year is being widely discussed. For the long term I have not changed my views, but I confess it would help to have a fairly big reaction in American security prices. Wall Street does not offer any outstanding bargains in equity shares. The preferred shares with arrears of dividends, which I have frequently recommended in these columns, have, generally speaking, ascended to their par or call prices or above. Only in the field of the utility holding companies can preferred shares, with arrears of dividend, be picked up at very low prices—thanks to the Utility Act. In this group I regard the speculativeness of United Gas $7 first preferred stock as not too great for an investor to contemplate. United Gas Corporation is one of the largest natural gas companies in the world. It was organised in 1930 by Electric Bond and Share and is controlled through the Electric Power and Light Company. Its gas properties are mainly in Louisiana and Texas, and it had a great stroke of luck this year in discovering oil in large quantities when it was drilling deeper into its gas field in Rodessa, Louisiana. The late slump interfered with the financing of the companies which it acquired, and its present trouble is that it has $21¼ millions of notes due to the banks in July, 1936, and $26 millions of notes due to its parent, Electric Bond and Share, callable at any time. No doubt the uncertainty created by the Utility Act has interfered with the funding of the bank loans, but when this has been arranged dividends should be resumed on the $7 first preferred stock of United Gas. During the depression earnings were sufficient to cover fixed charges and first preferred dividends in every year except 1933, when dividends on the preferred shares were suspended, and in the twelve months ending September this year the debt service and the first preferred dividends were covered 1.17 times. At December 1st the accumulated dividends on the first preferred stock amounted to $21.65 per share. At the present price of 76, cum arrears, this stock is one of the most attractive speculations in the utility group.

* * *

As a gamble on the defeat of the Utility Act there is some attraction in the $6 preferred stock of Electric Power and Light, which is at present quoted at 24½ with arrears of dividend of $17½. Electric Power and Light is particularly vulnerable to the Utility Act for its subsidiaries are widely scattered. Nevertheless, the discovery of oil in the Rodessa gas field, Louisiana, is of importance to Electric Power and Light, which owns the second preferred stock and about half the common stock of United Gas. Thus, the Electric Power and Light $6 preferred stock represents an equity interest in the new United Gas oilfield. By making a joint purchase of this stock and United Gas $7 first preferred stock the bold speculator can acquire for approximately $100 two shares which used to have a combined market value of over $200. The chance of 100 per cent. appreciation is combined with the chance of, say, 25 per cent. loss. It is an attractive proposition, but it requires courage.

* * *

Bankers, Statesmen and Economists, by Dr. Paul Einzig (Macmillan, 8*s*.), is a pleasant book for a journey. It sails the monetary waters as gracefully as an Atlantic liner. Montagu Norman, Mussolini, Roosevelt, Van Zeeland and Laval take their knocks or receive their bouquets according to one test which the author never fails to apply—their receptivity to devaluation. Dr. Einzig would solve every problem by devaluing the currency by 50 per cent. (His love for devaluation leads him to condone parts of President Roosevelt's policy which are really unforgivable, such as the Silver Purchase Act). But I wish that Dr. Einzig had been writing in the light of the present French crisis. It is highly improbable that any French Government could be formed which would feel strong enough to recommend and carry through a devaluation of the franc, unless it were a Government of "national union." For M. Laval to fall and to be replaced, say, by M. Herriot would be the signal for a further flight of capital, or withdrawals of bank deposits for hoarding, which would probably force the Government to suspend gold shipments and set up an Exchange Equalisation Fund in readiness for violent fluctuations in the franc exchange. Since the third week in October the gold losses of the Bank of France have amounted to over £83 millions (at the market price), and if withdrawals of deposits continue at the present rate a banking crisis may well follow. Therefore a suspension of gold shipments and a banking holiday seem a more likely dénouement in France than an ordered devaluation of the currency. But Dr. Einzig is right in insisting that devaluation is the ultimate way out of the French slump. I am sorry that he has suggested a further "way out"—namely, for Great Britain to use the Treasury profit on devaluing the Bank of England gold stock by buying reserve stocks of staple products from the bankrupt debtor countries. This is surely an unnecessary complication. The world stocks of staple products are gradually being reduced by the natural process of a rising world consumption. I was told in America that one great utility company had not been a buyer in the market for copper and lead for the past five years: it was intending to resume such purchases early in 1936. This incident serves to remind us that the full benefits of the American recovery have still to be felt throughout the world.

OUT OF THE SUCCESSIVE CRISES of the past twenty years British Banks emerge with increased reserves and enhanced prestige, British Insurance Companies with a record, over the whole period, of continued growth in assets, in profits and in the capital value of their shares.

As a permanent investment the shares of these great undertakings offer safety of capital and certainty of income with exceptional prospects of appreciation.

Hitherto, investment in this field has been restricted by the high cost of the shares and the liability attaching to them in respect of uncalled capital. Through the Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares the investor of moderate capital can now acquire an interest, free from personal liability, in shares selected from 52 British Banking and Insurance Companies.

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Bank-Insurance Units may be bought and sold at any time through any Stockbroker or Bank.
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INHALANT

A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief, inhaled frequently during the day, stops colds by going straight to the cause of the trouble — the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm, moist passages of nose and throat. Vapex clears the breathing passages, relieves headache and "stuffiness" and gently stimulates the respiratory system.

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A compact, portable unit, completely enclosed and protected by a neat oak cabinet, with cupboard for flex and goggles supplied. For A.C. Mains only.

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
"Goddard's" Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
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Christmas 1842

In " A Christmas Carol," written by Dickens in the Hungry Forties, the portly gentleman says—" At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, Sir. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

Christmas 1935

In this year of grace, it is the Church Army which invites your help in making some provision for the poor and homeless, this festive season. £5 will send a Christmas Dinner parcel to ten poor families. 10/- will send to one.

WHAT MAY WE PUT YOU DOWN FOR?

Please address your gift to: PREBENDARY CARLILE, C.H., D.D.' 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY

QUAKER EMBASSIES

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS maintains Centres in Paris, Berlin, Geneva, Vienna, as well as in the East and parts of Africa, and has contacts in many other countries.

CENTRE ACTIVITIES include student clubs, where members of different races and political parties meet as friends; peace propaganda; international conferences; interpretation of other countries to visitors and through press services.

EMERGENCY SERVICES to victims of political upheavals have also been made possible through the existence of these Centres. In Austria, funds provided from International Trade Union and other sources are still being distributed by Friends to the victims of the 1934 fighting. Through the efforts of Friends in various countries, many hundreds of German refugees have been helped and some permanently settled.

OUR AIM in all this work is to help build up a new way of life, based on " that of God in every man."

WE NEED urgently the support of all who sympathise with us.

Contributions (which may be earmarked for any Field or service) should be sent to the Secretary of the

FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1

"WHAT I SPENT I HAD WHAT I SAVED I LOST WHAT I GAVE I HAVE"

THERE is happily one Season in the year, when the idea of unmerited suffering, especially that which money can remove or alleviate, is sharply repugnant to us all. Every Society or Institution that administers to the poor knows from long experience that as Christmas draws near a spirit of kindness is abroad. Hence the appeals for help; appeals so wide and for such varied objects, each in its way so admirable and desirable, that never yet has response been denied. So once again they ask, knowing full well that as they ask so it will be given them.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This famous Society, whose work for poor children is so well known, and whose pupils have in after years done so much to justify the care bestowed upon them, started in 1843, when William Williams, a solicitor's clerk, saw a number of handcuffed boys being taken to a seaport for transportation to a convict settlement. So moved by pity was he that he at once founded a ragged school, which later became a home for twelve children. The work progressed and presently became known to that great philanthropist the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. In 1860 he became the first President, and remained President for twenty years. It was in the year of his first Presidency that Lord Shaftesbury, appalled by the conditions under which the children of the slums grew up, invited 300 boys from the Seven Dials to a banquet, and after they had feasted, asked them if a ship were found where they could live and be clothed and fed and trained for a seafaring life, how many of them would come. And every boy there held up both his hands. The successor of that ship is *Arethusa II*, opened by Prince George in 1933. For boys too young or otherwise unfitted for ship training, a farm was taken, where they were educated and trained in husbandry or handicrafts. That farm was the beginning of the Shaftesbury Homes, which with the *Arethusa*, house over a thousand children. Donations may be sent to the Secretary of the Homes, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

The British Empire Cancer Campaign is probably the greatest organised attempt to combat a single specific disease that has ever been launched. One by one the causes of the great scourges which afflict mankind are being discovered and the once fatal diseases made amenable to preventive and curative treatment; and we have every reason to believe that sooner or later the mystery of that malignancy of tissue growth we call cancer will be solved and its cure discovered. That the discovery may be soon is the hope of us all, and the wider spread the investigation the more justified is our hope. It is well to know that thanks to the untiring persistence of the Campaign, the best professional brains are at its service, and that owing to the support it is giving to clinical observation in all our leading hospitals, an army of young investigators is being steadily recruited. Many of the agents which are provocative of cancer are already known, and presently

110 YEARS OF SILENT SERVICE

SEND US YOUR SHARE

For 110 years the generosity of the British public has never failed the Life-Boat Service. Nor will you let it fail us now. It needs a little more than one penny each year from every one of our population. Send what you can to-day.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

we may expect to hear of agents which have the effect of checking and reducing morbid growths. During last year the Campaign made grants of £32,000 for the purpose of research. Money to carry on and extend this research, especially in the hospitals, is urgently needed, and could not be bestowed more beneficently. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, British Empire Cancer Campaign, 12 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

We are all familiar with the noble work which year in, year out, is carried out by our Life-boat service in the seas around our coasts. But only those who have seen a life-boat launched in seas in which no other boat could live and under conditions that might well daunt the bravest and most skilful, know how much we owe to the volunteers who man the life-boats. To know to the full the service that is rendered to those in peril on the sea is impossible; it is incalculable. On the 5,000 miles of coastline of the British Isles there are 172 life-boat stations, with a body of 3,000 men, who are not paid servants of the Institution, ready to answer the call whenever it comes. Since the Institution was founded 111 years ago, 64,032 lives have been saved from shipwreck round our shores. The expenses of the Institution are manifold. It provides the boats and the stations, it pays out, in rewards for life-saving and rescue work generally and in pensions for the dependents of those who lose their lives, some £50,000 a year. Last year alone 354 lives were saved. Each life costing the Institution £686. It is a great record of voluntary effort. To maintain this service £250,000 is needed annually, which represents but a penny a head of the population; so that even those who can spare but a penny may still feel that they have given their share. Donations should be sent to the Secretary of the Institution, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

Christmas is essentially the children's festival, and every appeal in the name of childhood addressed at such a season is sure of a ready response. Among the associations which care for the deserted, neglected and backward child, the Waifs and Strays Society holds a deservedly high place in the public regard. Founded in 1881 by the late Prebendary Rudolf, then a layman, with two little homes and 34 children and a subscribed income of £740, the Society has grown and grown till last year its 106 homes housed 4,350 children and its income was £261,556. It has throughout its existence been the aim of the Society that its homes should be homes and not institutions. The vocational training of the children is adapted to their individual capacity, and the Society keeps in touch with its protégés long after they have been launched into the world. As a memorial to the founder there has recently been added a home for difficult and backward boys. It is impossible at the ordinary elementary school to give such children the individual attention they need, and unable to keep up with their contemporaries they are looked upon as stupid, and hopeless. Nevertheless to a disciplined and sympathetic treatment such children at once respond, and many do overcome their physical and mental disabilities. Such treatment the Rudolf Memorial Home at Balham provides, and so deserves all the support that can be given it. Donations should be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

HAVE IN 92 YEARS PREPARED OVER 33,000 CHILDREN FOR A USEFUL LIFE

Here are two happy girls from one of the Homes

1,100 Poor Boys and Girls are now being trained to be useful Citizens.

Please Send a Donation To-Day

164 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.2.

President: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

CHRISTMAS!

You have remembered David, Mary, Uncle Jim, and Joan and Jack . . but *what of these* **BLIND CHILDREN?**

They are trusting you—so fortunate in having eyes to see—to help them overcome their handicap. As children they need dolls and toys to help them "see" by touch, and later on they must be taught to read Braille with their fingers

65,000

of your blind countrymen of all ages need YOUR HELP this Christmas

Send your present to:—

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

226, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

DEPRIVED

—not of Parents but of their love

WHEN LOVE GOES and neglect, ill-treatment and brutality take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the sufferings of children. 109,471 were helped last year, of whom 4,814 endured actual violence. Will you help the

N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT NOW

to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2 (Chairman: The Most Hon. The Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.)